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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ITALIAN politics seem to be simmering down to a period of comparative quiescence after the excitement of the last election; and even the new life put into the Adriatic crisis by President Wilson's recent notes may produce little disturbance in public sentiment: The Fiume question has been before the public so long that it has lost some of its former interest. Before President Wilson intervened, the neutral and liberal press of Europe was almost unanimous in condemning the remarkable volt-face made by Lloyd George and Clemenceau in their note of January 27, which brusquely demanded that the Belgrade Government consent to a settlement which a previous memorandum of December 13 to the Italian Government had proved, point by point, to be undesirable and unjust.

About the same time that this note was dispatched the question of Italy's joining France and England in a new Triple Alliance was mooted in the former country. It was suggested that Italy might take the place of America in such a combination. Several Nationalist and Jingo papers, like *Messaggero* and *Giornale d'Italia*, supported that policy, although Mr. Clemenceau was said to be distrustful of Italy since the last election had given the Socialists and Catholics control of Parliament.

The organs of the latter parties vigorously condemned such an alliance. *Corriere d'Italia*, which is the official organ of the Catholic Peoples party, said: 'The Italian nation is unalterably opposed to entering into any sort of agreement looking toward a revival of the old Balance of Power and military conventions. These were the things that caused the present war. If such an alliance is proposed, it will not be endorsed by the Italians.' Naturally, *Avanti*, the official organ of the Socialist party, was equally emphatic in its condemnation: 'The people are tired of political adventures and have no desire to become the tools of France.' *Resto del Carlino*, a Bologna paper having the largest circulation in Central Italy, also denounced the proposal. It objected that, 'Such a Triple Alliance would make the Italian people the jailers and mercenaries of the Entente and force them to prepare for new wars with nations against whom they have no grievance—against Germans, Russians, Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Turks. It is proposed to conclude this Alliance with the French and Eng-

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lish at a time when Clemenceau and Lloyd George are violating every principle of human liberty along the Rhine, in Alsace-Lorraine, in Turkey, in Egypt, and in India; while English generals are slaughtering Indian insurgents and crucifying them, and while French troops in the occupied territories are treating German citizens in the way slave drivers treat negroes. . . . How many Italians would fight to maintain such a tyranny?'

These suggestive lights upon the sentiment of the two parties that constitute a majority in the Italian Parliament toward Italy's former allies, may explain the recent solicitude of Clemenceau and Lloyd George to propitiate that nation in the Adriatic settlement.

IN both Italy and France the Railway labor problem has assumed an acute form. Italian railways showed a deficit of 400,000,000 lire — at par exchange, $80,000,000 — last year, although rates were increased during the war and have been trebled since the armistice. The growing cost of operation is due largely to the increase of wages. That item has risen from 300,000,000 lire to 1,000,000,000 lire. Railway employees received the highest compensation paid to any workers by the government; locomotive drivers earn from 10,800 to 16,000 lire a year — $2240 to $3200 — and firemen are paid from 6000 to 9000 lire. Station agents receive as high as 20,000 lire. Nevertheless, the agitation for still more pay continues, combined with demands for an eight-hour day and direct representation of the employees in the railway management. These new demands caused the recent strike, which has been compromised so as to grant the administrative changes demanded, and to postpone an increase of wages.

IN no country in Europe, not even Great Britain itself, are the authorities dealing more resolutely with factious labor disturbances and labor slacking than in Germany. Perhaps we should except Russia, from which we receive reports indicating heroic, though apparently ineffective, measures to restore labor efficiency. Recently the Prussian Minister of Railways closed thirteen important repair shops, and announced that he would not reopen them except under a new agreement with the employees. For many months the output per worker had been steadily declining and the employees had offered passive resistance to every measure intended to secure greater efficiency.

The authorities believed that they had made generous allowance for the fact that machinery and materials had deteriorated and that the men were under-nourished. In at least some of the works, not only had the output fallen to an unreasonably low point after taking into account these conditions, but public property had been stolen and destroyed. The official announcement stated that: 'The number of workers will be considerably reduced and only those will be reemployed who agree in writing to work upon a reasonable piecework basis, and to work a full eight hours daily.'

Vorwärts disputed the justice of the claim that the workers in these establishments were slacking, and presented elaborate figures from a single shop to prove its statement. On the other hand, so liberal a daily as the *Berliner Tageblatt* commented soon after this measure went into effect: 'This radical step of closing several railway repair shops, involved dangers, but it proved a success in practice. It was speedily demonstrated that the fall in output was due to terrorism exercised by a small minority of the employees. More than ninety per cent of the workmen report-

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ed for duty, under the new conditions, and accepted piecework payment.'

ALL Europe has been startled by the reversal of the Entente policy toward Russia implied in the proposal to reopen commercial relations with the people of that country. The conservative press of France, and the bourgeois press of Germany are equally hostile to this programme.

Hans Vorst scouts the suggestion that the Bolshevist Government will make a sincere appeal to the people of Russia for support through the means of a general election. He believes, to be sure, that: The only way of ending the internal conflicts of Russia is by the ballot. The only principle under which the government can become stable is the will of the majority — the principle of democracy. If the parties still disputing for power agree, therefore, to settle their rivalries without employing force, they can only settle them in this manner. 'But for the Bolsheviki to agree to this sole, possible solution would not be a mere concession toward conservatism, but absolute capitulation. The Bolshevist system is fundamentally anti-democratic; it stands and falls with a dictatorship by a minority. It cannot possibly compromise with democracy and the principle of majority rule. To fancy that the Bolsheviki will voluntarily surrender in this fashion is to indulge in the most unfounded visions.' Even if the leading men among the Bolsheviki were fully convinced that the days of their power were limited and that the reign of terror was drawing to a close, and if this belief should incline them toward surrender on the best terms possible, they would be unable to do so. For the question of retaining control of the government is a question of life and death, not only for the Bolshevist leaders, but for the host of their followers. 'The Bolsheviki must stick to the helm to the last moment, for they have so embittered the people against them by their terrorist methods that the hemp would tighten around their necks the moment that they released their hold of the government, or proposed to turn over their power to a democratic administration.'

Dr. Joseph Jahn, an economic writer in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, takes a more optimistic view, and believes that the policy of the Bolsheviki is really being modified under the stern lessons of experience. He interprets the measures proposed by the British Government as an effort to anticipate German competition. However, he considers that while Germany cannot participate directly in this trade — at least for some time to come — it will derive indirect advantage from it. Moreover, a large number of German and Austrian war prisoners have remained in Russia and have become an important influence in the industrial and commercial life of the Soviet republic. According to a Moscow newspaper, they are permitted to operate in 'almost a capitalist manner,' because they have contributed so effectively to increasing production. Eventually, the influence of these people upon Russian commercial relations with Germany will be felt.

Meantime, the countries nearest Russia refuse to believe that real peace with that country is at hand. They are profoundly impressed with the increasing efficiency of the Russian army and the apparent resumption of normal economic life in that country. The Stockholm *Dagblad* says: 'Our absolute, but well-grounded distrust compels Sweden to keep constantly in view the prospect of a new war in the East, which will not be confined to Asia, but will be directed likewise against Western Europe.'

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ERZBERGER'S retirement under attack as Minister of Finance, and the preceding attempt to assassinate him in Berlin, are dramatic climaxes in what has been one of the most dramatic political trials ever held in Germany. Early in the war, when he was already a leader of the Clerical party in the Reichstag, Erzberger was a pronounced annexationist. Later, however, he supported the peace resolution of July 17, 1917, and he is accused of negotiating secretly and without authority with the Prince Sixtus group at Vienna and with clerical dignitaries close to the Vatican in an effort to hasten that event. None of these facts is denied, but the motives that inspired Erzberger are variously interpreted.

The main point at issue is the propriety of Erzberger's methods. He was a close friend of the great iron manufacturing family of Thyssens. While a parliamentary leader he was a member of the board of directors of the Thyssen Company and received a fee of 100,000 marks in that capacity. He was an ardent advocate of annexing the Brie-Longwy ore fields, and while the Germans held that district appears to have been a party to negotiations to have certain French mines there assigned to the Thyssens, either in perpetuity or for the period of the war. Helfferich charges Erzberger with acting from improper motives, and the trial is bringing the whole question of the relation of big industry to politics before the court of German public opinion.

Erzberger has been an object of passionate political attack for a considerable period. His enemies call him the *Reichsverderber* — his country's destroyer. This hatred dates from the time of the peace resolution already mentioned. It was increased by the discovery of his intrigues with the Austrian nobility for peace, and the part he played at the time of the armistice. He is charged with responsibility for the fact that the Allies got hold of Count Czernin's ominous memorandum, in which the Austro-Hungarian Premier predicted the speedy collapse of the Central Powers. He is charged with having unnecessarily sacrificed German advantages in the armistice negotiations. He is blamed for not resisting more resolutely the surrender of Germany's merchant fleet. He is suspected of all sorts of mysterious, subterranean intrigues in the service of the Vatican. Serious charges are made against his personal character. He did not add to his popularity by assuming charge of the national finances at a time when they were in hopeless chaos. Many of his measures have proved serious mistakes, and have done immeasurable harm to the business of the country. His personal attitude toward his opponents has never been conciliatory.

Helfferich — who was one of Erzberger's predecessors in the post of Finance Minister — had a brilliant official career under the old régime. He is described as almost a nervous wreck at the present trial — 'pale, with unsteady glance, constantly walking up and down between the president of the court and his opponent, and nervously twirling a pencil in his fingers.' 'Whenever he disagrees with a witness — which is very frequently — the blood mounts to his cheeks, he springs from his seat and makes a gesture as if to interrupt, then controls himself, and rapidly scratches down a memorandum which he erases a moment later. Frequently he must be called to order by the presiding officer. Indeed, he seems on the verge of hysteria and nervous collapse.'

Erzberger is a man of more callous temperament. But recently he has been attacked not only by the opposi-

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tion parties, but also from within the ranks of the clericals. His policy of financial centralization was one of the reasons why the Catholic Peoples party of Bavaria recently withdrew from parliamentary coöperation with the Centrists. The Centre party itself recently felt compelled to assume a non-committal attitude toward Erzberger's private conduct, while endorsing his political leadership. The new financial programme which he recently brought forward has been bitterly criticized by leaders of the radical democrats, who are, in general, firm supporters of the present coalition ministry. His resignation will not unlikely be followed by important changes in Germany's fiscal programme.

BELGIUM seems to be recovering its economic equilibrium as speedily as any other country engaged in the war. A recent census of its industries showed that in December, 1919, the number of factory employees was seventy per cent of what it had been six years before. The number employed in the transportation industries was seven per cent more than in 1913. Around Liège where the recovery has been most rapid, eighty per cent of the normal peace force now has employment. All that prevents a full resumption of industry is the shortage of raw materials and coal. However, the coal mines are now producing ninety-four per cent of their pre-war output. Metallurgical industries do not show such rapid progress, partly because their workers are still engaged in reconstructing and repairing machinery worn out or destroyed during the period of German occupation.

The new Parliament consists of 74 Catholics, 70 Social Democrats, 34 Liberals and nine members of minor parties, as compared with 99 Catholics, 44 Liberals, 41 Social Democrats, and two Christian Democrats in the former Parliament.

ANTI-TIPPING Laws are one of the by-products of the labor agitation that has accompanied the present revolution in Europe. Statutes prohibiting tipping have been enacted in Italy, France, Spain, Austria, Germany, and Russia. One has recently been proposed in Zurich. These laws have been inspired by the working people themselves, apparently under the impression that it is beneath the dignity of emancipated labor to receive gratuities.

However, experience with these acts is proving that the dignity of labor is a matter of personal sentiment rather than of legislation. For instance, in Berlin ten per cent is added to a customer's bill in lieu of tips. Either the proprietor includes this in his charge, or the waiter adds it when presenting his check. The public has no option but to pay that ten per cent. However, if we may believe recent reports from that city, a person who does not surreptitiously add something over and above this ten per cent, receives very poor service and becomes conspicuously unpopular with attendants. Under the old system, the waiter felt obliged to express his gratitude for a tip. Under the new system he does not dare to do so, since this super-tip is more or less illegal. Consequently, customers find it expedient to continue tipping, but are deprived of such satisfaction as they may have formerly received from the acknowledgment of this generosity.

HUNGARY recently held its first election under the new Liberal Suffrage Law. Hitherto, the workers and peasants were practically excluded from elections. The 'Christian National Union' and the 'Small Farmers,' each with nearly the same number of

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votes, have an overwhelming majority. Many Social Democrats and Liberals refrained from taking part in the elections. Indeed, the Socialists have been so badly discredited by their participation in the Communist régime that in any case they would have been seriously weakened. The peasants seem to have played a decisive part in the election. They did not send many members of their own class to Parliament, preferring to be represented by journalists, lawyers, teachers, and engineers. This Parliament is distinguished from its predecessors under the Hapsburgs by the practical elimination of the old aristocracy and gentry, who formerly dominated that body. The new legislators are mainly from the middle class, and the government is bourgeois throughout. Sentiment was in favor of selecting a member of the Hapsburg family as head of the state; but such a project has been vetoed by the Supreme Council at Paris.

BULGARIA, according to recent reports, is gradually recovering from the political restlessness and economic distress produced by the war, although the wounds to its national pride remain unhealed. Some disorders occurred among the peasants in January, on account of the unsatisfactory price fixed by the government for grain. But they did not support the general strike, called by the Bolsheviki and Socialists, who united for this purpose. That disturbance soon collapsed, after martial law had been proclaimed and several labor leaders, including some members of Parliament, had been arrested. Troops are kept under arms to suppress possible future Bolshevist uprisings in the towns. The young King, Boris, is said to be personally popular. Food prices are very high; and the peasants have plenty of money. Grain and tobacco are abundant.

GERMAN merchants in the Argentine are complaining bitterly because important exporters in the homeland are giving their business to South American firms that were pro-Ally during the war. The Italians have been particularly successful in securing the right of representing German manufacturers and exporters. The Bentz motor cars, for instance, are handled by an Italian firm, which, until recently, financed an anti-German newspaper. That firm, however, was in a position to give a single order for five hundred automobiles to the home factory immediately upon receipt of authority to act as its agent. Certain German wine exporters are also dealing principally through Italian houses in Buenos Aires. These complaints may throw light upon Germany's trade policy in neutral countries — as they indicate a way to overcome the possible aversion of customers of German goods.

AS we go to press, eventful news again comes from Germany, and it is impossible to predict just what course affairs will have taken in that country by the time this issue reaches our readers. At the present moment it looks as though Germany were experiencing a prætorian revolt. Apparently a few thousand Baltic troops, forced by our own governments to withdraw from Courland, and imprudently allowed to encamp near Berlin, have suddenly taken the government of that city into their hands rather than be demobilized and deprived of a chance to continue in their chosen profession of arms. In one sense this is a D'Annunzio enterprise on a larger and more serious scale. Still, at a time when old social forms are decadent and political institutions are dis-

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organized, as they are in many parts of Europe to-day, a small military force may change the course of history. Clovis is said to have had but eight thousand troops when he gave the final stroke to Roman power in Gaul and founded modern France.

The present Pan-German enterprise in Berlin is a criminal attempt to defeat the will of the people as expressed at the last election. The Fatherland party is a very small minority of the German nation, having its stronghold in the East Elbe region. It does not represent the German masses. It is ready to ally itself with a monarchist movement in Russia, whereas in Germany the revolution has employed extensively the military agents of the old empire.

Under another aspect the present revolt is the attempt of a group of property owners, whose wealth is in a form that cannot escape taxation, to avoid paying their losses in the gamble of a war they promoted. It would have been better had a competent financier like Dernberg been kept in control of national finances, instead of placing the most important department of the government in the hands of a man of uncertain character and still more uncertain ability like Erzberger, whose presence in the cabinet has been a constant moral liability for the government. But any finance minister who honestly addressed himself to the task of providing for Germany's monetary obligations would have had to propose measures likely to inspire revolt by the great landlords of the East Elbe country. On the other hand, if the little group of Pan-Germans, at the present moment exercising military dictatorship in Berlin, should ally themselves as a last resort with the extreme radical dissenters in the Socialist party, and thus fortify what promises at the moment to be but a transient lease of power, we might have a situation very akin to that which is developing in Russia, where the adherents of a dictatorship of the proletariat and of a dictatorship of a ruling caste, have made joint cause against democracy.

POLITICAL STABILITY IN ITALY

[*The Nuova Antologia* (Literary Bi-monthly,) *February 1*]

1. *The Italian Socialist Programme*

BY FRANCESCO CICCOTTI

PUBLIC attention has been directed more strongly than hitherto toward the Socialist party by the results of the recent elections. The attitude and programme of that party are followed and discussed with an interest sharpened by anxiety. When definite facts fail by which to infer the probable action of the Socialists in a possible crisis, or their attitude toward any question, individual fancy is substituted for authentic information, and our people are treated to the wildly distorted imaginings of ill-informed journalists. This proneness of the public to be misled, and the recent spread of radical ideals, closely allied with Bolshevism, among the rank and file of our party, have produced the impression both at home and abroad

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that the Italian Socialists are trying to start a revolution.

Such an event is announced periodically as definitely decided. Even its exact date is sometimes given. These alarmists assume in their ignorance that social evolution follows an artificial schedule, and that it would be possible to substitute for a historical necessity a voluntary revolution. When an overturn does not occur at the date predicted, they presume that either the Socialists were not ready or that they were unable to carry out their purpose.

I take advantage, therefore, of the courteous invitation of this ancient and authoritative Review to confront these distorted misapprehensions with the real facts and the true logic of the situation. I am persuaded that we Socialists and our adversaries will both profit by having it known what our plans and purposes really are. It is by no means my wish to conceal or belittle the revolutionary sentiments and projects that incontestably exist among our party leaders. It is far from my purpose to try to present my party to my readers in the guise of 'a good child,' or to flatter the hope of my readers that we shall have an indefinite era of peace and repose. But men can be revolutionists without considering it their duty to make — or perhaps, better said, to *create* revolutions. A party with a serious revolutionary programme dismisses at the outset the thought of making a revolution to order. It confines itself to the path pointed out by the eternal law of history, comprehending only too well that revolutions are caused, controlled, and determined by historical conditions and by preëxisting crises, and that revolutionists are merely men who first recognize these conditions, who anticipate coming events, and who prepare the minds of their fellows to seize their opportunity and to turn these forces into a previously designed channel, so that they will contribute to the realization of revolutionary social ideals.

Consequently, the project so commonly attributed to our Italian Socialists of improvising a revolution, or provoking such an event by a series of attempted revolts, would contradict our real working plan; although perhaps hasty statements may be quoted, made by some militant and impulsive comrade, which would seem to justify the former assumption. Not long ago *L'Avanti* published a letter addressed to its editor by Lenin which, after reaffirming an uncompromisingly Bolshevist programme, advised Italian Socialists not to precipitate events, but to smooth the way for them and to emphasize the necessity of coördinating the revolutionary forces of all countries. Unhappily, these revolutionary forces in France and England, for example, as yet are neither determined nor vigorous. Our most decided Bolsheviki in the Italian Socialist party agree fully with their conservative comrades in believing it necessary first of all to coördinate international revolutionary forces.

The truth is that in Italy the lamentable prolongation of the war and its results have convinced many people that the country is ready for a political crisis, which can only be terminated by changing the form of government and the social system, and by placing the working classes in control of the state and of industry. Such ideas are making headway even among the bourgeoisie, who are deeply impressed by the disquieting symptoms of social disorganization following the war and by the formidable obstacles that present themselves to reconstruction and the restoration of normal conditions. Naturally, such a feeling is not calcu-

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lated to discourage the projects and prophecies of those who anticipate a speedy victory for the laboring class. The latter see further evidence that the present crisis can be terminated only by radical measures, in the existing vicious circle between the rise of wages and the mounting cost of living. If prices continue to go up while the increase of wages unavoidably meets growing resistance, it is evident that the social crisis will become more acute, and may possibly precipitate a sudden overturn.

This vitally serious question, of the ratio between the rise of wages and the rise of prices — in other words between the requirements of the working class and its ability to satisfy those requirements — is still further complicated by a new factor. I allude to the undeniable fact that of late years the standard of living of the working people has risen. I repeat that the normal requirements of a workingman are growing. The latter now insists upon pleasures and comforts that only a few years ago were beyond his range of vision. I shall not pause here to analyze the reasons for this or to defend the fact. But it is perfectly useless to declaim against social phenomena and to reprehend the 'luxury' or 'prodigality' of the working people. The fact is there. The only practical course is to recognize it, and take it into consideration together with the other influences producing the state of unstable equilibrium I have just described.

If we should have a political crisis, the Socialist party would neither be able nor desirous of utilizing it to start a revolution. What, then, would be the attitude of the Italian Socialist party — of its executives and its representatives in Parliament — if such a situation arose? I am not certain that my readers will be much interested in the reply, and I can offer little more than a personal opinion. However, I shall try to state, in as matter-of-fact a way as possible, the dominant views in the Socialist parliamentary delegation, of which I have the honor to be a member.

People who fancy that they can deduce the sentiments and thoughts of the Socialists in Parliament from occasional noisy demonstrations — such as the one that occurred recently when the new ministry took office — are led astray by exaggerating the importance of an accidental episode. The truth is that the Socialist delegation in Parliament faces a rather difficult and confusing situation. Our party has sought representation in the legislative body solely as a necessary evil. It is a phase of our work which we have undertaken without cherishing any illusions as to its futility in the way of securing positive results. We have been induced to enter Parliament by the belief that it would harm our cause to renounce all participation in political life. Furthermore, Soviet theories, so prevalent in our Bolshevist wing, persuade us to use our position in Parliament to disorganize that body and to prevent its safeguarding the present democratic system. This plan contemplates creating a series of crises, that will so weaken Parliament that it cannot act as a necessary check upon the executive branch of the government.

Evidently this policy of simply tolerating parliamentary institutions prevents our delegates from participating in ordinary legislation, compels them to renounce all initiative, and forbids acts likely to be interpreted as collaboration with the bourgeois government, even though such collaboration might not imply direct or indirect ministerial responsibility.

This uncompromising allegiance to our theories constantly comes in conflict with the eager desire of our mem-

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bers to accomplish something positive along Socialist lines. Opportunity for this often presents itself in political and parliamentary life. The result is that our people often make compromises — compromises deeply lamented by our more radical leaders — between unswerving loyalty to our principles and an imperative desire to influence law making. That large section of our parliamentary Socialist delegation that favors legislative action within the limits prescribed by an uncompromising party and class attitude, has recently promulgated its views at an important convention in Milan, affirming among other things the necessity of constructive service. And I ask myself personally whether, if the day comes when a better government — a government sincerely desiring to carry out immediately important and specific reforms — lays before Parliament a programme of social reconstruction, our parliamentary Socialist delegation could continue in its present attitude of opposition; or whether we might not be compelled to present our own programme of reforms against the one presented by the government. This latter course would involve changing from negative opposition to positive opposition, and would that not be itself a kind of collaboration?

Our parliamentary delegation at present, however, is a unit in its opposition to all ministries. No possibility exists, or promises to arise, of our delegation or any part of it supporting a cabinet led by Mr. Nitti or by any conceivable successor of that gentleman. Our delegation is agreed upon this, although it is extremely probable that in the not distant future political crises will arise which will result in Socialists coming into power as an independent party with its own ministry and its own programme.

If our party should get control of the government, this would not necessarily imply, even in the opinion of our Bolshevist members, a wholesale adoption of the institutions and political organization of the Bolsheviki. In other words, it would not mean copying exactly the Russian system. Lenin's régime is a result not only of Socialist theories in their most extreme form, but of conditions peculiar to the Russian revolution. It is a form of social organization engendered of its fierce conflicts at home and abroad which have forced that government to organize in the fashion best designed to preserve its own existence. It is eloquent testimony of this fact that the Soviet Government, as soon as the Entente relaxed the blockade and domestic dangers were diminished by the defeat of the counter-revolutionary armies, abrogated the death penalty. I do not mean by that to state that a change in the form of government in Italy would occur smoothly to waltz music. I mean merely to point out certain considerations indicating that it is, to say the least, an arbitrary assumption to suppose that a future Socialist Government in our country would follow the Russian model. Those who object to any suggestion of future Socialist rule in Italy, who say that economic conditions in our country are not suitable for 'Socialist experiments,' should remember that we Socialists are not proposing to *make* a revolution next week. We merely do not intend to be surprised by events which are the inevitable outcome of social conditions, so as to have them overtake us unprepared.

Let us assume that such political and social overturns do not occur in Italy — such an hypothesis is perfectly worthy of consideration — and that the present succession of crises may gradually produce in an organization capable of resisting revolutionary

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forces by satisfying their demands for reform. In such a case what would be the attitude of the Socialists and their representatives in Parliament? I might answer this question by saying I do not personally believe, as circumstances are at present, that we can have such peaceful evolution, or that we can recover in this manner from the disintegrating effects of the war. But I do not wish to deal with the suggestion in so summary a fashion.

Even though political and economic institutions in Italy might undergo a pacific and essentially legislative transformation, that could never occur unless inspired or directed by the two most vital and powerful forces in the country — Socialism and Catholicism. Although the impossibility of an actual revolution in Italy might be demonstrated, the task of social reconstruction could not be committed to any party without the constant support of the Socialists and the Catholics. This makes it important to determine how far it is likely that the Catholic People's party and the Socialists could combine in this labor.

Personally, I do not think that it is practicable. The People's party and its representation in Parliament, from the very character of the sources from which it draws its strength, is always conservative at heart, no matter how progressive its pronouncements. A certain proportion of its members in Parliament are known to represent the interests and passions of the bourgeoisie. We are justified in assuming that several of these delegates have joined the People's party for the express purpose of watching over such interests, because they distrust the capacity of the old Liberal and Conservative parties to do so. It would only be in case that those elements of the People's party which represent proletarian groups organized on a class basis, should separate themselves from the contingent representing bourgeoisie and Conservatives, that the way would be open for eventual coöperation between the former elements and the Italian Socialists. But I consider such a possibility very remote.

In conclusion, the Socialist delegation in Parliament will continue its present uncompromising attitude and refrain from taking any part in the government, until the day when the Socialist party and the proletarian organizations are able to assume full control. Until that time the Socialist party will devote itself in Parliament to increasingly vigorous attacks upon the ruling classes, in order to force them to introduce radical reforms. There are very influential Bolsheviki among us to-day, who advocate throwing our strength in the direction of bourgeois reform, because they believe the effect will not be to make the bourgeoisie more capable of bringing about reform than they have been in the past, but to demonstrate to all the world the absolute incapacity of that class to improve social conditions. It remains to be seen whether such a policy will develop from the existing crisis a situation that renders Socialism inevitable, or whether it may not result in a progressive betterment, a social reconstruction that will ultimately enlist the influence and coöperation of the Socialist party.

[*The Neue Freie Presse* (National Liberal Daily), *January 25*]

II. *Agitated Italy*

BY LUDWIG BIRO

ROME, *in January.*

A FEW weeks ago the electric trams in every large city in Italy suddenly stopped running about mid-day. Immediately afterward business houses

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were closed, and holiday quiet settled upon these towns. There was a general strike. An English friend darted an understanding glance at me from a neighboring café table, and came over to convince me with despairing satisfaction that 'the thing had started.' Of course, that is the way it would start and everyone recognized that trouble was coming. The English Press Service had prophesied that the Italian revolution would begin within a few weeks. Since then I have frequently discussed that possibility with my English friend. He was firmly convinced that the English Press Service could not make a mistake in such an important matter. I am willing to acknowledge that the English are experts in judging sentiment in foreign countries, but I insist vigorously that the English Press Service in this case is betting on the wrong horse. Unhappily, I am a first-hand expert in revolutions. I have had experiences which I can match against the theories of any authority; so I insist on disbelieving in an Italian revolution.

The first afternoon of the general strike passed. Toward evening wild rumors arrived that the water works had been destroyed, though I was still getting water without interruption. Another day passed: it was a very quiet one. It was far quieter than any Sunday in Italy, for on Sundays the fruit shops and barber shops are generally open. Then the strike was over, and life resumed its usual round. The revolution did not occur. My English friend admitted that I was right for this once. But belief in an Italian revolution persists so obstinately throughout Western Europe that the Italian Premier considered it necessary, several weeks later, to give an elaborate interview to the foreign correspondents in Rome, pointing out why a revolution could not occur in Italy. The arguments of the Italian Premier were very good ones for the people to whom they were addressed; but a man who has actually lived through a couple of revolutions in his own country has a much better argument. Italy did not go hungry for five years of war, and is not now starving. In those days in 1918 when the line of people waiting to get bread in Vienna, Budapest, and Berlin was constantly growing longer, any man who knew the history of the classical prototype of all revolutions — that of France — could see clearly something to which the rulers of Austria, Hungary, and Germany were blind; that serious things were brewing and we were going to have a general turnover.

Now the converse of the idea I have just suggested is equally true. As a broad generalization, no country will start a revolution as long as the common people are well fed. The question is whether the Italian common people have enough to eat. To be sure, you can read bitter attacks upon the food administration in some newspapers. Prices have risen 50, 100, and, in cases of a few articles, 150 per cent. But wages have risen likewise. We see not only in the newspapers of Austria, but also in the bourgeois papers of Italy, that street sweepers have larger incomes than school teachers. The Italian workingman is not really starving. During the day of the general strike, I spent hours wandering around the suburbs of Florence. I tried to read the countenances and the eyes of the men I met — to see whether they were really alight with the fire of revolution. It was just after the mid-day meal. Small groups of Trade Unionists stood round on the streets smoking. They warmed themselves in the mid-day sun: and they stood round quietly and smoked. Most of them smoked cigars — for cigarettes have

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become rather scarce and cigars have taken their place. Let me repeat, these men were placidly *smoking cigars*. Does anyone who knows revolutions first hand imagine that men smoking cigars will ever start one?

The Italian Socialist party is probably the only Socialist group in Central and Western Europe, outside of Austria, which takes internationalism seriously. Its attitude in international questions is inspired by an extraordinary sense of moral responsibility. The party is prompted by a high conception of its mission for all humanity, and the members of that party honestly feel that every fellow workingman beyond their political boundaries is also their brother. This party certainly would not hesitate a minute to do what it considers its duty; but it does not consider its duty is making revolutions. Although it won much ground at the last election, it still controls less than a third of Parliament. It is opposed by a bourgeois group which has been weakened in some ways,— the same ways as in England and France,— but in other respects has been materially strengthened. A throne, a church, capitalism, a petty bourgeoisie, small land holders, a whole nationalist middle class, a constabulary, a police, a military caste with a strong *esprit de corps* — with all these intact, what hope of success would a revolution have? How would men set about making a revolution? If a sudden and determined revolt should succeed at points, how long could it maintain itself? If, contrary to all probability and all reason, a revolution should spread over the whole country, how long could Socialist Italy exist in the midst of capitalist Europe? I might multiply arguments indefinitely, but it is unnecessary, for there is not the slightest indication that the Italian Socialist party is planning a revolution. On the contrary, all signs indicate that the party is substantially averse to such a measure. When *Avanti* talks of revolution, it adds immediately that it does not advocate the workingman taking up arms, building barricades, and seizing the government by force. Both the leaders of the workers, and the rank and file, would oppose such a revolution. The only men who advocate violence are what the Italians call *teppe*. Our word 'mob' is not a good translation of that term: 'hoodlums' comes nearer. The 'hoodlums' may start revolutionary riots at isolated points, but they cannot start a revolution.

Who else would back up such movements? The country has ample provisions; factories are running full time. The disinclination to labor, so generally complained of in the belligerent countries, is here hardly in evidence. The demobilized Italian soldiers are eager to get back to the plough and the bench. There are some unemployed, but their number is surprisingly small. Workingmen insist on higher wages, but general strikes for industrial objects have not occurred. The political strikes have lasted but a day or so. Exchange has fallen during the war, but public sentiment is practically unanimous in favoring radical remedial measures to improve the country's financial situation, and these will eventually react upon exchange. So upon what basis are you going to start a revolution?

My English friend used to reply to this question by saying solemnly 'D'Annunzio.' We must admit that D'Annunzio's adventure has produced a critical situation, and is in a sense a danger point. But I used to reply to my English acquaintance by pointing out the tact and patience which the government had shown toward that

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leader and his enterprise, and the general disposition to insist upon discipline and national loyalty manifested by all parties. The bourgeois democracies of Western Europe are now fully alive to the fact that majorities are not entitled to tyrannize over minorities, but must treat them with firmness tempered by consideration. My friend would not admit that such a policy could succeed. Thereupon I recalled to him — what he had completely forgotten — that as recently as 1914, in a country which proved itself later thoroughly sound at heart and powerful, an eminent public man, who was later to become Cabinet Minister, had organized a small minority to oppose armed resistance against the government, and that the government when called upon to defend its sovereignty did not order its troops to fire. Such an order all Europe would have construed as a sign of weakness. The country where this happened was England; the statesman who organized armed resistance was Carson, the question which the English Government smoothed over (without shedding the blood of its citizens) while enforcing due respect for its sovereignty, was the Ulster question. The Fiume question holds about the same position in Italy that the Ulster question held in English public opinion. In any case, they both have a common characteristic. The Italian people revolted with abhorrence from the idea that Italian soldiers should fire upon Italian soldiers at Fiume. Consequently, after D'Annunzio had taken that city there was no other way to deal with the matter except the one that the Italian Government chose — to wait, to negotiate with D'Annunzio, to settle the whole incident, which is a painful thorn in the side of Italian sentiment, by negotiation. The negotiations continued a long time without success, but this does not indicate lack of discipline in the Italian army, or the failure of Italian citizens to respect their government.

The Italian army has very good discipline; but a different kind of discipline from that we had in Austria and Prussia. Italian officers and Italian citizens recognize also a categorical imperative, but it is irrational to expect them to conceive this categorical imperative in the Prussian manner. The Italian Government is not weakened a particle by the fact that it did not hasten to hale the Fiume legionaries before a court-martial; quite on the contrary, its delay and patience merely demonstrate its own reserve strength, and proves that a majority, or at least a better element, among the Italian legionaries are not only loyal soldiers but also conscientious Italian patriots.

If complications should arise at Fiume, the people really responsible will be in Paris, Berlin, or Washington. Italy is one of the victorious powers, but its allies have hitherto shown little comprehension of its needs and interests.

Revolution? Unless all Europe is swept by revolution, Italy will not be. The Italian people like the rest of us are restless and nervously on edge; but Italy itself is strong and sound. The Italian people are working and at heart want nothing but peace and quiet. The future political constitution of their country will be variously conceived by different parties, but there is not at this moment in the whole kingdom a single group of appreciable importance which desires anything else than to make Italy the pillar and stronghold of peace. You cannot find among the Italian people the slightest trace of bitterness or hatred toward their recent enemies. You find no evidence of that other temper — almost

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equally portentous elsewhere—which manifests itself in dark prophesies that hostilities may be resumed.

Italians as individuals do not cherish deep prejudices, and there is no more interesting political reading in Italy—nothing more characteristically Italian—than the pacifist platform of the former Nationalist party at the time of the last election. This desire for peace manifests itself also in the eagerness to get back to useful work, and the tendency to admire and honor business enterprise and successes. No international hatred can survive where such a spirit prevails. Italy is absorbed, now that she has attained her national ideal, in raising herself to a more important place in the economic life of Europe and the world. Unless all signs fail, the influence of that country will be exerted in favor of conciliatory policies and international coöperation. When Italians call themselves Latins, they do not thereby disparage other races. One reason why they cherish their Latin ancestry is that it brings them closer to other countries.

A revolution? A revolution cannot begin to-morrow because it has already begun some time ago. We are really in the midst of a tremendous revolution, of which the war was merely a symptom, and Russian Bolshevism is another symptom. Structures of greater endurance and deeper foundations than empires have been overthrown. World ideals, and the attitude of nations toward each other and toward the social problems they must meet, have been revolutionized. Men face their fellow men, and governments face governments, hesitating, uncertain, helpless. Humanity regards the social chaos which surrounds it with bewilderment, and no one can find again his familiar place. Religion, science, economic life, social standards are all embraced in this revolution. It affects all civilized mankind. We have no more knowledge of whither we are drifting than those ancient Northmen, who entrusted themselves to the unknown ocean in their Viking ships and were driven without their own design from continent to continent.

TRADING WITH RUSSIA

[*The Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal Daily), *January 29*]

1. *What Has Russia to Sell?*

BY HANS VORST

THE Pendulum policy of the Entente toward Russia has again swung to the other end of the arc. What a short time it has been since Germany was officially instructed to join the blockade of Russia! And now the Supreme Council has decided to inaugurate an exchange of products between Russia and the Allied and Neutral Powers through the agency of the Russian Coöperatives! The British Government has already appropriated seventeen million pounds sterling to insure its merchants against losses in the trade, and a vast interchange of products is said to be in contemplation.

If this is not simply a diplomatic manœuvre, it means really lifting the whole blockade against Russia and not merely relaxing it. The fact is not

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affected in the slightest by whether it is intended to employ the Coöperatives as agents or not. The effort to distinguish between the Soviet Government and these organizations involuntarily recalls to mind a Russian saying: 'Keep straight, but sneak his purse.'

Naturally, the practical question is whether the lifting of the blockade will have any material effect upon trade with Russia. The Allies seem to cherish great hopes in that direction. Roberts, the Food Administrator of England, informed the Hague correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* that one motive for lifting the blockade was to reduce the cost of living, and that Russian provisions and raw materials were necessary for the latter purpose. That is pretty big talk. A reporter of the Chicago *Tribune* informs us that Italy, France, and in particular England, have come to the conclusion that they must have Russian products and that they have seized time by the forelock in order to anticipate Germany. Even here in Germany, some people have got excited. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* publishes a communication from a correspondent calling attention to the fact that the conclusion of peace between Esthonia and the Soviet Republic opens the way for us to get provisions from Russia, and urgently admonishes us not to let the opportunity escape. Another writer in the same paper comments with better appreciation of the real facts that this trade is not likely to fulfill the expectations of the Supreme Council.

And that is true, indeed. One does not know whether to laugh or weep at the persistence of political and economic illusions in regard to Russia. Only two years ago, Germany was carried off its feet with the same 'pipe dreams' that are now enchanting the Allies. Everyone was urging a separate peace with Russia, and some even thought that this would eventually bring universal peace. They supposed that when we had once got access to the fabulous wealth of food and raw materials in Russia, we could easily dispose of our other enemies. At that time — to be specific, on January 19, 1918 — I discussed this question at length in our columns, showing that though all Russia might be thrown open to our trade, we would get extremely little in the way of food and raw materials from that source. People protested that I was a 'knocker,' until bitter experience proved to everyone that my prediction was very conservative indeed.

Even at that date, it had been shown beyond a shred of doubt that the distress prevailing throughout Russia was not primarily due to lack of transportation but to a general decline of production. Even our fond hopes of getting food in the Ukraine were not well founded. This was the situation two years ago. Since then, Bolshevism and Civil War have continued their devastation all over Russia. New causes have been added to the old ones to reduce agricultural production. The Soviet policy of confiscation has intimidated the peasants. The growing scarcity of manufactures and the breakdown of barter between city and country, have caused the peasants to plant only as much as they themselves will eat. Agricultural implements have been worn out and not replaced. Only a man with a fevered imagination could conceive Russia supplying an appreciable quantity of provisions to foreign customers. Some extremely scanty stocks might still have been found in Southern Russia when Denikin was in control. To take them would have been to starve the famishing districts of the North. Moreover, they disappeared when Denikin retreated.

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The truth is that Litvinov meant only raw materials when he spoke of 'great quantities' of things for export. What he meant was flax, hemp, timber, skins, leather, and platinum; but we may be very skeptical even regarding these. It is possible that the Soviet Government or the Coöperatives have at their disposal some such raw materials as flax and hides, because Russian manufacturing has ceased and there is no way of converting these into cloth and leather, although both of those articles are urgently needed at home. But to apply the word 'vast supply' to them is pure fiction. They would mean merely a bite to modern industry and when they were gone they could not be replaced. Let us consider flax, for instance. Quite apart from the general decline of agricultural production and of tilled land, other causes have contributed to lessen this crop. Flax was mainly grown in the northern departments which formerly did not produce enough grain to support themselves. There can be hardly any doubt but what during the last two or three years, the peasants in those departments have planted food in preference to flax for which they had no use. What flax was grown was worked up into homespun fabrics because cotton could not be obtained.

We have even more positive evidence regarding timber. The forest wealth of Russia has not been seriously impaired. Nevertheless, the Soviet Government is unable to provide even a fraction of the fuel needed in its own cities. Several causes account for this. The timber most accessible to existing transportation routes, whether by land or water, was cut during the war and the revolution. The private timber industry has been abolished by the Bolsheviki. The Soviet Government has not substituted a competent organization to take its place. The utilization of the great forests in remote sections of the country will be impossible until a corps of workers can be organized and taken to the spot. Scarcity of provisions and absence of transportation both veto such an enterprise. These reasons account for the disastrous fuel famine this winter in the Russian cities, and it goes without saying that they will prevent the exportation of timber in appreciable quantities.

Trade with Russia suffers under another great handicap. Trade machinery has been completely wrecked. To be sure, the Coöperatives experienced a marvelous development during the war and the first year of the revolution. The Bolsheviki, by confiscating private establishments, left them almost a clear field. They are to be credited with immense services to the country and will play an all-important rôle when reconstruction comes. But these societies have not been organized for foreign trade. They are principally Consumers' Societies, designed to distribute goods to their members, or else, though to a smaller extent, Producers' Societies, organized to market the products of the country people at local commercial centres. Moreover, beginning late in 1918, the Soviet Government adopted for a time a policy of persecuting the Coöperatives for political reasons. It lately reversed this policy when it discovered that its own existence would be imperiled if the Coöperatives were destroyed. But there has not been time for the latter to recover.

So, we may conclude with assurance that the trade between Russia and other countries will for the time being prove negligible. Building up such a trade will be a process of time and can only follow reconstruction at home. Such reconstruction implies suitable political and economic conditions,

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where Russian producers and dealers feel certain that they will reap the fruit of their labors. Another necessary preliminary will be practically rebuilding the railway system and all the machinery of domestic trade. Present attempts to resume dealings on a large scale will meet defeat, because the whole economic organization of Russia is in ruins. The latter can never be restored while the Bolsheviki are in control. To rebuild the system will require the coöperation and material aid of foreign countries. There is room in Russia for everyone. There is no occasion for international rivalry and jealousy. The country's needs should inspire us to united action directed toward helping the Russian people to use the wealth which lies at their hands. Any policy we may adopt will be useless so long as the Bolsheviki rule. The first, indispensable condition of success is to end their government.

[*Le Temps* (Radical, Anti-Socialist, Opportunist Daily), *February 12*]

II. *Lloyd George and Russia*

Mr. Lloyd George has made a full statement of his Russian policy. It is based on two assumptions. First, that Russia is able to export enough raw materials and provisions to reduce the cost of living in Western Europe; second, that if Russia is permitted to exchange commodities freely with other countries, the Bolshevist Government will disappear.

He concludes from this that we ought to trade with Russia without formally making peace with the Soviet Government. Mr. Lloyd George does not say that he will never negotiate with the Bolsheviki, but he desires them to reform first. He says that as long as we have no assurance that the present rulers of Russia will abandon their barbarous methods, and govern in accordance with the usages of civilized society, no modern power in the world will be willing to make peace with them.

In brief, Mr. Lloyd George's programme may be summarized as using the Bolsheviki to overthrow Bolshevism. He plans to accomplish this simultaneously in Russia and in Western Europe. Western Europe would receive abundant supplies of wheat, timber, flax, and other agricultural products. The cost of living would decline. The masses of workingmen would be more contented. Bolshevism would find fewer partisans among us, thanks to the abundance that would flow out of Bolshevist Russia.

In Russia, itself, on the other hand, lifting the blockade would revive economic activity. Individual interests would arise within the Communist society. These private interests would wax strong and insist upon order and liberty. Mr. Lloyd George says that he believes that we can save Russia through commerce — that commerce will terminate sooner than any other measure, the present régime of pillage and the attendant abuses existing under Bolshevist rule. So the Soviet Government, which is so proud of having secured the lifting of the blockade, is to be overthrown or reorganized by the results of its own success.

This is Mr. Lloyd George's theory. Undeniably it is a very ingenious one. Incidentally, we might add that the overthrow of Bolshevism is not its sole purpose. Since the pound sterling has lost so large a fraction of its value in comparison with the dollar, England has been paying heavy tribute to the United States. It wishes to liberate itself from this tribute. It is seeking another source for grain and raw materials. It hopes to find its supplies in Russia, where the pound sterling has

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an enormous value compared with the ruble. We shall totally misinterpret present events, from Lithuania to Korea, unless we bear constantly in mind that the United States and Great Britain are henceforth to be the two greatest naval and commercial powers of the globe.

It remains to be determined whether Mr. Lloyd George's theories are likely to be confirmed by facts. We cannot criticize their purely hypothetical bases, for hypotheses are as necessary to political progress as to scientific progress. Nevertheless, we must examine the foundation for these hypotheses.

Is Russia in a position to export commodities enough to influence appreciably the cost of living in Western Europe? The problem presents three aspects — production, purchasing power, and transportation.

If private consumption of bread tends to increase in Russia — which is what we would naturally expect — it is very doubtful whether there will be an excess of grain sufficiently large to affect supplies and prices in Western Europe. Are there considerable sources available for export? If so, we shall have to prevail upon the holders to deliver their supplies. That is a task which the Soviet Government has apparently failed to accomplish. Recently, the Food Commissioner at Moscow estimated the visible store of wheat in Russia at only about 550,000 tons. This is required primarily for home consumption. Then, assuming without further discussion that we could arrange to pay for what we buy in Russia without difficulty, there still remains the problem of transportation. That difficulty presents itself not only in case of grain, but in case of every other product, whether brought from Russia or shipped to that country. What is the situation here?

Radiograms received from the Bolsheviki speak of the great efforts being made to restore locomotives, to unload cars, and to clear railway terminals. So far as we can judge, these labors are rather impulsive and decorative — they do not produce the impression of being methodical and constant. But we need not deal with this question of form. When Peter the Great requisitioned from each village a certain number of shoemakers, and gave them the choice of going to Moscow and learning the new methods of the Englishman, Humphrey, or serving a term in the galleys, he adopted a very dramatic procedure. None the less, history tells us that he succeeded in improving the Russian method of making shoes. To-day, when the Bolsheviki order a 'week of transportation service,' or even a 'Communist Saturday,' they are not drilling their administrators in English methods. Rather, they are adopting a German way of doing things. These 'weeks' and these 'Saturdays' suggest surprisingly the proceedings that the German authorities used during the war to get additional results from the public. However, allowing for this superficial difference, Lenin's methods are very similar to those of Peter the Great, and we have no reason to suppose that they will be less successful. However, what will the practical result amount to even then? The reforms of Peter the Great certainly did not weaken the power of the Tsar. If Lenin manages to reform the railway service, what reason have we to conclude that this will weaken the Bolsheviki? The day that the Russian railways begin to give as good service under the combined efforts of Communist propaganda and the Red terror that Russia formerly had, undoubtedly that country will control the indispensable machinery for for-

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eign commerce. But at the same moment, the Soviet rulers will have acquired an equally indispensable instrument for inspiring respect for their authority throughout all the realm, and for dispatching troops whenever they desire against their neighbors. This would not be the overthrow of Bolshevism proposed by Mr. Lloyd George. It would, rather, result in establishing a great power, autocratic and imperialist in organization and purposes.

Some may object that the Bolsheviki are incapable of erecting such an efficient system. Many fancy that their government is destined to end in anarchy. All this is possible, but in that case how are you going to increase production, organize exports, rehabilitate transportation? In brief, how are you going to reëstablish that commerce which we count upon to 'save Russia'?

So we conclude that Mr. Lloyd George's hypotheses are not as self-evident as they seem. We are not prepared to discuss the relations between the Coöperatives and the Soviets. Little illumination is thrown upon them by the radiogram correspondence between Moscow and Great Britain.

The English and French should have the courage to face these facts: Russia continues an unsolved problem, and one possibly full of menace. This is an additional reason for us to remain united. Stick to the alliance!

THREE EMPERORS AND A 'TRAITOR'

[*The Neue Freie Presse* (National Liberal Daily), *January 6*]

1. *Tsar Nicholas II*

BY GOTTFRIED, PRINCE OF HOHENLOHE-SCHILLINGSFURST

Upon my first audience the Tsar received me at his writing desk. He was in a colonel's uniform of the Zarskoye Guards, his favorite dress. It was very characteristic of him that he never wore any other uniform than that of a colonel, a rank he held on the death of his father. He used to say that he had been promoted to colonel, but since there was no one left to promote him higher, his military career stopped at that point. This was frequently repeated as indicating his touching modesty and without doubt something of this sort was involved in his action. But, after all, he was the head of the army, and naturally outranked his officers.

It is hardly necessary to say that in my introductory interview nothing of importance was mentioned. The Tsar welcomed me to Russia with great friendliness, asked me the usual questions as to the period I had been in service, where I had been stationed last, and then referred to a visit which he had made a few days previously to one of our cruisers anchored at Kronstadt. He stated that he was very much pleased with the incident.

In the course of the years that followed I saw the Tsar quite frequently at manœuvres and on hunting excursions, so that I believe I came to know him well enough to form opinions of some value as to his character.

Nicholas II became heir to the

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throne unexpectedly, through the early death of his elder brother. Possibly, therefore, he thought he had not received the most complete training for his office; and this added to his temperamental timidity and irresolution. Up to an age when most young men are already engaged in practical affairs, he was carefully kept with his sisters in domestic tutelage, and, therefore, had no opportunity to develop an independent character or to interest himself in practical matters. Even the trip around the world which he took after he became heir apparent, in company with his cousin, Prince George of Greece, did not change him in this respect. Of the impressions which he brought home from that journey the most persistent was an unbounded hatred of Japan, where he would have fallen a victim to a fanatical native when visiting one of the temples, if his gigantic cousin had not warded off the blow just at the critical moment. A deep scar in the Tsar's forehead remained as a permanent memento of this incident.

His accession to the throne made no change in his timid and irresolute temperament. He hated to make decisions in public business; even duties of a more or less ornamental character were a torture to him. If he could have had his heart's desire, he would have devoted himself to his family and to hunting. Many persons in ordinary ranks of life find it impossible to devote themselves to these pleasures alone, but there is probably no one for whom they were more completely out of reach than for the Tsar of all the Russias. So Nicholas II was ever studying to escape public business and to put it on the shoulders of other people. He merely required these deputies to report to him, but otherwise left them to their own devices. Therefore, when unsuitable men, as unfortunately often happened, misused their offices, the odium did not fall upon them but upon their royal master. His subjects were constantly blaming him for things of which he usually was entirely ignorant.

Though suspicious, like all Russians, the Tsar at the same time lent a willing ear to any gossip concerning his ministers and confidants, no matter how irresponsible the one who brought it. The result was that everyone strove to get into the confidence of his ruler.

More than once such gossip, participated in frequently by members of the royal family, ruined some prominent man of state, who had not the slightest suspicion even the day before that his status with the Tsar was insecure. The latter never allowed his feelings to manifest themselves in his attitude toward his advisers. Naturally, therefore, Nicholas II acquired the reputation of being false and deceitful, although unjustly. He was weak—indeed abnormally weak—and, therefore, could not withstand persuasion for any length of time. If he was urged repeatedly to drop one of his advisers, he ultimately did so; not because he was convinced that the man was wrong and disliked him, but merely in order to have peace. The Emperor had one of the most placid natures that I have ever met, and the common opinion that he trembled day and night in fear of assassination is absolutely false. I believe that his constant worry at having to make decisions, for which he instinctively felt himself incapable, troubled him much more than fear for his life.

He was seldom free from the oppression of the former thought, and perhaps escaped from it most completely when he was hunting. On such occasions I have seen him really natural and talkative. He was then exceptionally attractive and amiable, and I

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doubt whether you could easily have found a person who would have proved more likable in private life than Nicholas II, if his fate had not condemned him to occupy a throne. He was in no respect fitted to be the autocratic ruler of all the Russias. I do not believe that he ever pondered deeply upon what that implied. He once made a remark to me that greatly strengthened this opinion.

We were coming back from one of his winter hunts, to which I usually was invited, and were drinking tea in his private car. He was always a gracious host on such occasions. Besides himself and the Archduke Nikolas Nikolaivich there were only two or three Russian gentlemen and myself present.

Our conversation was perfectly free and careless. We had been traveling for days in little Russian sleds drawn by single horses, and, as always happens on such occasions, had been tumbled out in the snow repeatedly. The Tsar said to me that such things would not happen in my country, but that such episodes were not unusual on the best roads in Russia. I replied that even in our country, unhappily, we did not have first-class roads everywhere. The Archduke Nikolas, who had often hunted in Austria-Hungary, was able to confirm this. The Tsar thought that, while naturally there were bad roads everywhere, Russia was preëminent in this respect, and added: 'A hundred years ago most of our roads were execrable. They are the same to-day; and I 'll bet you anything you wish, that a hundred years from now they will be just as bad as ever.'

Apparently it never occurred to him that he, as an autocratic ruler, was in any way responsible for at least trying to improve the highways of his country.

[*The Neue Zurcher Zeitung* (Liberal Democratic Daily), *January 18*]

II. *Emperor Francis Joseph*

FEW sovereigns exercised their power so long and were so little known to their contemporaries as Emperor Francis Joseph. While he was alive people never tired of extolling his virtues as a ruler and of representing him as a model constitutional monarch. They praised his enlightenment and the rich experience he had acquired during his protracted reign. His advanced years, and especially the tragic fate that pursued him throughout his life and successively deprived him by acts of violence of his brother, his only son, and his wife, and the heavy blows that befell him, not as a private man, but as a ruler, surrounded him in the public eye with a nimbus of tragedy. However, this nimbus has proved evanescent. The hurricane of the revolution has dispersed its shimmering glory and disclosed a Francis Joseph who has become an object of contempt and curses. The phrase 'the accursed Hapsburgs' has now become part of the vocabulary of his country. But to know the real Francis Joseph we must forget both the monarch of the Byzantine flatterers, and the distorted monster of the revolutionists. He never was an ideal and model ruler, as one party represented; nor was he a bloody old man and war-plotter as the others claim.

In the first place the caricature which the Social Democrats, Italians, Czechs, and Serbs have drawn of him is absolutely untrue. The Italians represented Francis Joseph during the war as an executioner, and a gallows accompanied every picture of him they published. Nothing, however, was more abhorrent to this timid man, scrupulously desirous of observing con-

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stitutional forms, than a despotic gallows régime. During the first years of his rule there were frequent executions. Some of them had no substantial reason. Such was the legal murder of thirteen Hungarian generals in Arad. That was an incident explained by the disorder and bitterness of the period, and it should not be charged against the young man of eighteen years who then was on the throne but was in no sense the real ruler. Nor should he be held responsible for the executions which the ruthless military masters of the Empire carried out during the war in Galicia, Bosnia, and Serbia.

Equally untrue is a statement that he was the instigator of the World War. That is a charge specifically made by the Social Democrats. Nothing betrays the unscrupulous campaign of slander and fanatical distortion which these people have employed more glaringly than this unfounded charge. No monarch was more desirous of peace than Francis Joseph. This was not merely sentiment with him but almost a superstition, burned into his being by bitter experiences with unsuccessful wars. He temperamentally disliked making serious decisions and he personally wanted repose, nothing but repose. So characteristic was the latter sentiment that his impatient courtiers used to complain bitterly that the only sentence he knew was: 'I want to be left in peace.'

Comparing this consciously distorted picture of Francis Joseph with its opposite we find some traits in the more flattering portrait that are justified. He did possess a profound sense of duty and great industry; he had the polish and dignity of a ruler. His memory remained remarkable to advanced years. In short, Emperor Francis Joseph was a *grand seigneur* in the fullest sense of the word, and his personality was beyond question one to inspire sympathy and respect.

But after saying this we cannot justly overlook the darker side of the man's character. First of all he possessed an exaggerated sense of his own position. His belief that he was monarch by the grace of God, and was of different clay than other men, permeated his entire being. He never condescended to equality or to anything approaching equality with other men. Even in his own domestic circle he never came down to a familiar footing. The necessity he occasionally felt to be a human being found complete satisfaction in his rare intercourse with a few familiar friends and his grandchildren.

This deeply rooted belief in his own majesty made him intolerant and contradictory, especially when he was young, and disinclined him to give his ear to what was not personally pleasant. This disposition is illustrated by a characteristic scene, where the Emperor took great offense with one of his generals who, returning from the campaign against Denmark in 1864, made a report emphasizing the vast superiority of the Prussian needle rifle to the Austrian muzzle loader. The Emperor took this as a personal affront, and would not listen to the possibility that the Prussian weapon was superior. He dismissed the embarrassed officer with every evidence of his displeasure.

Of course, this natural tendency was encouraged by the attitude of his courtiers. On one occasion, when the Emperor was present at the opening of a great hospital, instructions were given that some extra doors should be made in order that he might not be obliged to retrace his steps in passing through the institution. On the same occasion the Emperor made a little speech — that is, he read it from a memorandum and stuck the paper in his pocket afterwards. This caused

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great concern to the committee in charge who wanted his remarks for the newspapers. So they requested the Emperor's adjutant to ask him for the manuscript; but the latter refused, saying that such a request would be disrespectful. Thereupon the founder of the institution, a famous Vienna physician, who though a perfect gentleman was not a courtier, himself approached the Emperor to request the manuscript. The latter handed it to him without further comment.

While Francis Joseph was just as fully convinced of his divine appointment as ruler of his people as was William II, his native courtesy and courtly training prevented his advertising his sentiments in the offensive way so characteristic of the latter. His ideas were the same, but he knew how to repress their manifestation; and his feeling of duty forbade him as a constitutional monarch to express absolutist sentiments, although he cherished them in the bottom of his heart.

Self-control characterized the old Emperor, not only in his political acts, but also in private relations. For instance, when he visited art galleries he never criticized the new school paintings which he so abhorred. His comment was merely, 'That is rather extreme for me.' This reticence in expressing judgments characterized his political utterances and made his views seem commonplace. The public made a joke of his stereotype remarks, 'It pleases me very much,' 'It seems very beautiful to me.' But the sarcasm was not really just. His observations were mere commonplaces, to be sure, but the most brilliant of men could not have spent a half century visiting exhibitions, knowing beforehand that every remark he made would receive serious attention, without acquiring a habit of being non-committal. We can be quite certain that he would have liked often to say spicier things, but his sense of duty forbade. It was only in regard to military matters that he felt it incumbent upon himself to express positive opinions. At manœuvres and reviews he could be stern and exacting. He had an extraordinarily quick eye for military externals, and consequently was rather feared by his officers.

Not only did the old Emperor lack all trace of real originality, but he was deficient in scientific and artistic training. He never improved by subsequent reading the scanty knowledge he had acquired as a very young man, before ascending the throne. Books played practically no part in his life.

The sixty-eight years of Francis Joseph's reign were no blessing to his Empire. He had the excuse, so far as his personal responsibility went, that the problem presented by an empire composed of nations rent by violent national discord was a supremely difficult one. Not only did he lack well pondered statesmanship, but he lacked a happy knack of doing things. He was always involuntarily blundering and hitting upon the most unsuitable people for important posts. In spite of vast experience with public affairs he never learned to know his fellow men. In his youth he was unstable in his opinions, swinging from one extreme to another: in his old age he acquired a distaste for making decisions, and postponed action upon questions affecting the vital interests of his realm. So finally the avalanche that had accumulated from these untouched problems, overwhelmed his country.

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Radical Liberal Daily), *January 3*]

III. *The Kaiser at Amerongen*

It would be best of all to drop the former Kaiser entirely from public discussion. But unless something is said,

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the most absurd fictions get into circulation. A recent conspicuous example of this is the tale being circulated by a prominent gentleman who recently returned from Amerongen to Vienna. He was the first Austrian to have a story. He had been more or less of a guest at Amerongen. Why should not his stories be correct, then? The world has no special reason to be interested in the matter, but the fact is that several guests have been received at Amerongen who were not at all the kind of people who should have enjoyed its hospitality. They proved this subsequently by spreading tactless gossip evidently employed in default of more substantial facts. The Emperor, of old habit, likes to see a great many people. An effort is being made to relieve his loneliness and unhealthy musing by keeping him surrounded with company. Possibly, an effort is made to get visitors. No one of his household is particularly experienced in the affairs of the world — particularly in the affairs of the world of to-day — consequently a number of mere adventurers have received an audience. Some of them have turned out either hostile or inconceivably stupid. It will be better to receive there neither the Kaiser's devoted followers from the time when he held high position, nor empty-headed curiosity seekers who have a knack for procuring recommendations. As I said before, the best thing the world could do would be to forget Amerongen. It is simply not true that the people there are elated by hope. The Kaiser himself has aged greatly and shows signs of declining vitality. The trembling of his right limbs, which was hardly noticeable in the old days, has increased so as to be very obvious and rather to hold one's attention during an interview. The Kaiser has become corpulent, although he eats very little. He still retains his military bearing. It is noticeable that he speaks very slowly, quite in contrast to his former habit. He displays vivacity only when he talks of old times. People comment that he will suddenly lose interest in the midst of a lively conversation and allow his glances to roam vacantly about the room. At such moments he inspires only pity. The world of which he is least conscious is the world of the present. No person who has interviewed the Kaiser at Amerongen and is competent to form a reliable impression, doubts for a moment but what this man, mentally distraught and physically weakened, will never again be able to engage in active service of any sort. When he is at his best he seems to enjoy for a brief interval whatever attracts his interest. He reads articles, discusses them, and exhibits solid information regarding many topics. But the grind of the war, the shock of defeat, and the constant thought of the future that may threaten him, have weakened his vigor of mind and will.

It is generally known that the Kaiser proposes to move to Doorn House, which he has purchased from Baroness Heemskerk. It is not far removed from Amerongen Castle. The large structure is near the edge of the Doorn Estate and hardly one hundred metres from the highway, so that it is exposed to the view of curiosity seekers. It is surrounded, like most other estates of the old Holland nobility, by a beautiful park. Some tenant houses are to be built in the vicinity. Work upon them is already started. The furniture has arrived and the roads now bear evidence of the heavy trucks that delivered it. It is stored for the time being in some vacant houses in the vicinity. The Kaiser paid a high price for the property. These preparations seem to indicate

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that the former Emperor does not consider his stay in Holland a temporary episode. Quite the contrary. He no longer expresses the desire ever to return to Germany. That is all over. He considers Germany lost. The idea has become fixed with him that he was deceived, tricked, and deserted by his advisers and by the whole nation. He lets no opportunity pass to prove this in great detail. Simultaneously, he has developed an abnormal suspicion of other people.

Probably the plan is to enlarge the family circle by having some of the other relatives reside with him. At present the group is very small. Although the Crown Prince is in rather serious financial straits, he will not live with the Kaiser permanently. He remains at Wieriengen. The former Emperor's companions are General von Winterfeld — the former military attaché, not the general who was chairman of the Armistice Commission — Captain von Ilsemann, one or two younger officers, and now, very frequently, Mr. Kriege, formerly an official in the Foreign Office, a man well known during his official life as a pedantic stickler for the observance of international law down to the smallest letter. The former Empress is in much better health. Her companion is Countess Keller. In addition to these, there are the servants — not many of them. Probably the whole personnel of the establishment counts a scant forty people. To all outward appearances, life passes on this estate much as it does at the neighboring country seats of this idyllic region.

Every visitor at Amerongen has to present an admission card from which a coupon is detached when he enters and another when he departs. All the former Emperor's letters, as well as those of his companions, are subject to censorship. The Kaiser himself is interned. Dutch officialdom is not harsh, but scrupulously exacting in these matters.

[*Germania* (Clerical Daily), *January 9*]

IV. *A Royal Traitor*

'THE French Prime Minister, driven into a corner, seeks to escape from the net of lies which he has woven about himself, and does not hesitate to have recourse to the absolutely false and untruthful assertion that I have recognized, either directly or indirectly, the justice of France's claim for the return of Alsace-Lorraine. I repudiate this lying assertion with indignation.'

This is the telegram which Emperor Charles sent when Clemenceau made public the first information which the world received concerning the peace mission of Prince Sixtus, the brother of the Empress Zita. Compare this telegram with the letter which the last of the Hapsburgs wrote on March 24, 1917, and which he transmitted to President Poincaré. We see that Mr. Clemenceau's statement was not false; for we have a facsimile of the letter in the *Daily Telegraph*.

It was no secret that Austria-Hungary was an unstable ally, even before the death of Francis Joseph. The economic condition of the old Empire was rapidly growing worse. The sacrifice of life it was called upon to make continued to mount. Its constituent nationalities were striving to sunder the political ties that united them under the Hapsburg crown. Under such circumstances who would blame Emperor Charles for exerting all the influence in his power upon German headquarters to terminate the war? But even if his wishes found no hearing, he was not justified in taking the steps he did at Paris. Quite possibly, the former Emperor at first planned

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merely to prepare the world for a general peace. But the revelations recently made prove that in the course of the negotiations through Prince Sixtus with the leading men of France, he made the decision to sacrifice Germany to his own interests.

Poincaré wrote the Emperor: 'It is for the interest of France, not only to preserve Austria-Hungary, but to enlarge that country if necessary at the cost of Germany by adding to it Bavaria or Silesia.' Among the four points which the Prince transmitted to Vienna as France's conditions, the first was that Austria-Hungary should recognize the right of France to Alsace-Lorraine and do everything in its power to support those claims. Emperor Charles accepted this condition in his letter of March 24. He made no objection to the suggested enlargement of his own territories at the expense of Germany. He stated in an interview with his brother-in-law that he would even consent to have the left bank of the Rhine neutralized. A Catholic newspaper in Vienna is quite justified in commenting upon this dishonorable and faithless proceeding as follows: 'The former Emperor Charles was a traitor to the German nation. He betrayed the nation both in the German Empire and in the Austro-Hungarian Empire: for Austrian Germans would never have supported him in such a treason.'

The next question is, what rôle did Count Czernin play in this attempt to obtain a separate peace? In the *War Memoirs* which he has recently published, he asserts that in spite of his opposition to the political views of the German military leaders, he always rejected the idea of a separate peace and strove only for a general peace. The mission of Prince Sixtus appears to have been entirely an affair of the former Emperor. In reporting an interview which Prince Sixtus had on March 23, 1917, in Laxenburg, with the Emperor — where Czernin also was present later, the Prince says that the latter gentleman was very frosty and blunt; but that he did say that the Germans would never in his opinion give up Alsace-Lorraine and it might eventually be necessary to separate from them. This statement makes us infer that Czernin did not share fully the attitude of the Emperor. The next question is whether he knew the contents and wording of the Emperor's letter of March 24, 1917, where the latter speaks of 'the just claims of France to Alsace-Lorraine.' These words, it will be recalled, were the subject of a bitter controversy between Clemenceau and Czernin. They were repudiated by the latter. In a note which the Count appended to the letter of Emperor Charles, dated May 9, 1917, the former demanded that Austria should not be called upon to cede any territories except in exchange for other territories, but asserted that Austria was always ready to conclude an honorable peace with the Entente. Since the compensations were never named, one cannot reproach Graf Czernin with betraying his ally in demanding them.

These revelations affect not only Germany and Austria but also Italy. The Italian press is foaming at the mouth with indignation because England and France conducted these negotiations in March and April, 1917, without consulting Italy. The statement of the Emperor to Prince Sixtus, that a representative of General Cadorna had been in Bern early in May to offer Austria peace in return for the cession of Trent, has been vigorously denied by the former Italian commander. He says he would never have approved a settlement on that basis. The Italian newspapers back up this

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statement by asserting that no Italian would have consented to a separate peace, but that every member of that nation was determined to fight until Italy's war aims were attained.

In any case, the Italian Government was informed in May of the Anglo-French plans for a separate peace with Austria. *Le Temps* has published two letters dated that month, indicating that Ribot proposed that the King of Italy, the King of England, and President Poincaré, accompanied by their ministers, should meet at some point behind the French front to discuss the question of a separate peace with Austria. England accepted the proposal; but the meeting never took place, because King Victor Emmanuel refused. Sonino was Minister of Foreign Affairs at that time, and we can easily understand why he is being so praised to-day by the Italian newspapers.

Another question suggests itself. Why have the English and French newspapers chosen to publish these revelations, at a moment when they are well calculated to disturb the good relations of the Allies to Italy? The answer is easily discovered. Just at present, Nitti and Scialoja are in London trying to bring the negotiations upon the Adriatic question to a conclusion. The real reason for publishing this account of Austria's appeal for a separate peace just now is to show the Italians that the Western Powers rejected these favorable terms solely out of consideration for Italy.

[*London Chronicle* (Lloyd George Daily), *February 10*]

WAR CRIMES: THE AVERAGE POINT OF VIEW

BY PHILIP GIBBS

It would be interesting to know what the people of this country really think about the rigorous prosecution of the 'Black List' demanding the surrender of many German Princes, Generals, Admirals, and officers for offenses against humanity. We have had newspaper views, some of them raising the old war cries, and some of them urging moderation, but it is difficult to know the feeling of the nation.

In private conversation with many types of men and women I have not met a single individual who did not think that a trial of the Kaiser and his subordinates by a Court of Allied Judges would be a mockery of justice and an act of international folly. Doubtless, there are thousands of people in our own country (and undoubtedly the mass of people in France) who think precisely the opposite, and will not be satisfied until large numbers of eminent personages and their human instruments in Germany have been sentenced to death, prison, or exile, but if that is so I have not met them.

I had a conversation on the way back from Vienna with a distinguished member of our diplomatic service who is, of all men, free from any suspicion of being a 'pro-German.' Talking about the subject, he said, 'I do not see how the Kaiser, or any of his officers, can be brought to trial by an Allied Court. Apart from the difficulty of obtaining direct evidence of guilt, of formulating a charge which would have any legal weight, such a trial would be a travesty of justice, as by elementary ethics accusers may not be judges in their own cause. Also, failure to convict would make us the laughing stock of history.'

That is the point of view of a man learned in international law, and I imagine it represents the conviction of most English lawyers who are able to look at this question in the cold light of legal tradition. Nor can I see Lord Haig or any of our generals giving ev

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dence against Hindenburg and his army commanders.

The average Englishman is unable to pronounce an opinion on international law, but he, too, seems to feel in his bones that a trial of alleged German criminals would not be according to our honest ideas of justice, but would be justified only by the laws of vengeance, which are on another plane.

He would not shed tears over the death or degradation of these men. I fancy that most of us who saw the dead bodies of English and French and German soldiers strewn upon the fields of France and Flanders during the years of war would not be stirred by a profound pity if there were to be a massacre of German Field Marshals, Generals, and other officers, who were utterly callous of human life when it was not their own. I for one would not grieve about their fate.

But I should grieve for our own fate, which would be involved in such acts of vengeance, done in cold blood, with a pantomime of justice. I should feel that somehow we should have lost caste in the code of civilization and chivalry.

It is true that there are brutal men in Germany who by their conduct in the war merit death most richly, but even in their case I think most English people would prefer them to die at the hands of their own people whom they led to ruin and disgraced. The people that I know, and I think I know a fairly average crowd, are not, in fact, very much interested or absorbed in this question of war criminals. The execution even of Hindenburg himself (which is quite unlikely) would not fill them with any joy or satisfaction. It would not help the demobilized soldier to get a better job, or any job. It would not redress the balance of exchange between America and England. It would not make the loaf cost a penny less, or cause the home-made profiteer to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth. The problems of life are too big and too insistent to be cured by the gratification of vengeance.

The chief reason why the average Englishman, as far as I know him, is lukewarm about this 'Black List,' or hostile to its prosecution, is because his mind is concentrated upon higher ideals than that, bigger and cleaner purposes. He is looking forward to an European peace, when all countries will get together, somehow or other, to reconstruct the ruin of war's heritage. He is convinced now that anarchy and bankruptcy in Germany are not going to be good for his own business or his peace of mind.

I think he is right, and I go further than the average man in thinking that if we inflame the anger and despair of the German people by this new demand of surrender we shall prepare the way inevitably to another war, which will be fought by those who are now in their perambulators, the children of the men who escaped from the recent massacre.

In twenty or thirty years the difference between German man-power and French will be greater than it was in 1914. France will still have Germany across her frontier, and if that neighbor is intent upon paying back vengeance for vengeance there will be another invasion, another massacre, and another agonized cry for help from England and America. I understand the passion which makes the French people crave for the punishment of the German leaders, and I think it is justified by history — but not by wisdom. If France were wise and far-seeing she would leave German democracy to deal with its tyrants and build bridges of reconciliation across the Rhine, so that the German people should be shamed by chivalry and educated by a generous compassion.

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[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily, English occupied territory), *January 18*]

KIEL: THEN AND NOW

BY W. SCHULZE

KIEL, *early in January.*

AT last we have the winter solstice behind us, and may look forward to the cheerful prospect of growing warmth. Such a prospect is something precious to a soul cast down by the coal famine. What soul in Kiel is not thus depressed? In our whole house at home we have only one diminutive iron stove, which constantly looks ill-humored and frosty because it is so poorly fed with coal substitutes. As to real coal, we wonder if it still exists. There are rumors of some in Kiel, but it is so well concealed that it might almost be non-existent. It lies at the bottom of the harbor. Optimists — for we have such people, fortunately, even in this era of tears — say, with all seriousness, that Kiel has really a little submarine colliery district at it doors. This lies around the old coal hulks of the former Imperial Navy. In transshipping coal there year in and year out for so long a period, many a sack of the now costly black jewels found their way accidently to the bottom of the harbor, and in spite of the general war scarcity the fish have not eaten it up. So coal is down there. And people are trying to get it — inventive persons eagerly trying various devices. Kiel, therefore, has a new profession, that of coal fishing. It is a trade that supports men; for a trifle of a hundredweight of coal will sell for from twenty-four to twenty-six marks if you get it. It is generally reported that the prospective product has been bought up for a long period to come. At least we have this latest gift of the sea — or, if you prefer that way of looking at it, the last present which the old navy is making to its home town.

That is about the only thing left to Kiel from the navy: as a naval base the city is a back number. Nowhere else does the ruin of the Old Order impress itself with such painful clearness on the vision. Naval officers and sailors who once thronged our streets have almost completely disappeared. Business houses which formerly were, nearly without exception, suppliers in one way or another to the navy — where did you find a sign at that time that did not have the words, 'Purveyor to His Majesty's Ships'? — have acquired another and, I might say, a civilian aspect. And then the harbor! The picture stabs one's heart. All the steel-clad leviathans, Germany's proud sea defenders, have disappeared. The busy going and coming of boats and launches has ceased. Even the buoys are deserted. The gulls keep flitting here and there, feeling keenly the change in their fortunes, for the vessels which used to feed them so abundantly have gone, and no substitute has come. The surface of the harbor is like a desert, frightfully empty. Only the 'graveyard,' a district set apart before the war for old ships taken out of service, is still well occupied. There lie the ancient, brave veterans long past their fighting age, which have been left us. They look shabby and rough. We can put them back into service if we have money; and may make pleasure trips in them, if that gives us pleasure. The winter sun glistens on the cold blue waters of the Fiord. The icy sea stretches far beyond, the gloomy coast frames the picture. It is a picture of the grave of Germany's sea glory, and we avert our gaze from it whenever possible.

A few weeks ago there was a temporary revival of activity, and the harbor took on new signs of life.

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When the Baltic blockade was suddenly proclaimed, merchant vessels from all parts of its western waters scurried to the protection of Kiel harbor. Little vessels flocked around the buoys like sheep fleeing in panic from a wolf. The navy thus gave shelter, with its harbor at least, to the sister merchant marine. That was all it could do: our armed might had crumbled to the dust. Will it ever revive to protect our ocean commerce?

Over there on the eastern shores of the harbor lie the mighty works of the former Imperial Navy Yard and the Germania Shipbuilding Company. They used to be of interest as a picture of highly organized industry. Never stopping, radiating activity day and night, with the clang and clatter of hammers and thunder of machinery, they were the birthplace of many of our great war vessels and our submarines. But now? Silence — almost the silence of the grave! Wearily, drop by drop, little streams of labor for a brief period each day trickle about the vast premises. An observer hardly notes them; and what he sees does not bring comfort to his heart. A few men are employed breaking up our submarines. The same hammers that forged them now crush them to fragments. A slight beginning, however, has been made toward new construction. A few days ago the Germania Yards launched the ore carrier "Saya," the first of four sister vessels built on contract for the Krupp firm. This steamer is one of the first, possibly the very first, merchant vessel whose keel was laid and whose construction was finished after the end of the war. We hope that other Kiel yards will soon be busy. The city must transfer its interest as speedily as possible from the navy to the merchant marine. Its future depends upon the success with which it accomplishes this, else its ruin impends with the abolition of our navy. For what small remnants of our so-called new naval establishment still exist will have their principal base at Wilhelmshaven. Naturally this question of the future employment of the harbor is occupying the attention of the municipal authorities. Their purpose is to make Kiel a great transshipping port for Baltic trade. In this connection they advocate making their city a free port.

The authorities are also seeking other compensation for what Kiel has lost. There is the 'Kiel Week,' that annual sporting event of international interest to which the Imperial Court formerly added exceptional brilliance. Unforgettable and vivid as a picture the memory of the last Kiel Week, in June, 1914, rises before my eyes — our mighty gray war vessels in the harbor, and just beyond them the black colossi of the English squadron which was on a 'friendly and neighborly' visit to the 'cousin-nation.' The German battleships needed to fear no comparison with these of Britain. With proud satisfaction even an expert eye could compare our gray giants with the British black leviathans. How everything shone with neatness! How radiant the festive garb of the vessels and their crews! And above them all the black, white, and red flag. 'We 'll defend it with our lives,' was the saying then. Farther on down the Fiord were the white sails of the speeding yachts which had come from far and wide for the competition. Through the streets, and in the gardens, and on the steamers were joyous, happy men. There were strangers with alert, interested, admiring eyes. That was Kiel. That was what the people of the city with proud glances called 'our Kiel' and 'our Fiord.' It is now a dream, nothing but a dream, and to awaken from it is torment.

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[*The London Mercury*]

TARANTELLA

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the dark of the vine veranda)?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who had n't got a penny,
And who were n't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in ——
And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the Guitar!
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar:
And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
No sound:
Only the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

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[*The Dublin Review*]

A GREAT STORY TELLER: HERMAN MELVILLE

BY VIOLA MEYNELL

WITHIN limits most people could say what special form of writing they prefer. Even the most just literary judgment may be subject to preferences for one kind of greatness over another kind. If the great book which is the subject of this article has in some way just missed people's preferences, that and nothing else may account for the neglect of it. It is possible that many of those even who are alert for treasure have an unconscious preference for finding it elsewhere than in a story about a whale-hunt. This much-ignored book is *Moby Dick*, written in 1851 by Herman Melville, and it is the story of the hunting of whales in general and of a white whale in particular.

Though it tells with scientific accuracy of every part of the whale and every detail of its capture, it is a work of wonderful and wild imagination. His whale is real, like Blake's tiger, but in thinking of it he occasionally loses hold of reality as we know it — as Blake's imagination also flies loose from his sinewy tiger to infinity. Herman Melville has that rarest quality, rare even in genius, of wildness, imagination escaping out of bounds. But the whale is the cause — this natural object, and its order, and the truth that we know of it, and its laws, are the occasion of his wildness.

There may be people who do not love such an occasion for imagination. There are all those, one must always remember, who like to find imagination, for instance, in fairies, fantasies, trees with living limbs, imps, gnomes, etc. If they can enter by that easy open door, how should they expect that a whale, its measurements, its blubber, its oil, its lashless eyes, its riddled brow, and harpoons and ropes and buckets are the way to imagination? Preferences will range people into two groups in this regard. One group requires that imagination shall begin in facts, and in its wildest flights shall still owe an acknowledgment to fact, and requires, too, to believe that truth is at the other unseen end of that imagining. The other group distrusts reality or the natural object even for a start, and would not wait to measure a whale, but hastens after a fairy whom fancy can make as large or as small as it likes. Or, since terms of fact, such as color, must be used in description, then mere profusion is supposed to lend fancy. The fairy's robe may be of many colors, there is no reason why one should be excluded.

Is that profusion imagination? — or will imagination not rather spring from some great restriction, such as the whiteness of this whale — whiteness 'which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood?' Fairies have no starting place in valuable reality, and, what is worse, no ultimate reality to arrive at. Fairies begin and end in themselves. The very freedom allowed to fancy in that world of fairy (or faerie as believers like it written) is somehow fatal to its interest; it has the deadly

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freedom of being utterly outside truth.

But it is of facts and figures that the imagination in *Moby Dick* is made. The story is of a whaling voyage in the Pequod, under Captain Ahab, who has already lost a leg to the white whale known as Moby Dick. As the captain, that blighted, implacable man with his pointed ivory leg, his moody passion, and his wild musings, becomes gradually known to his crew, they discover that they are not following the ordinary course and running the ordinary risks of a normal whaling voyage, but are taking part in a ceaseless hunt for the white whale, sacrificing the normal profits of whaling, multiplying the usual risks, defying every adversity of weather or superstitious symbol, in order that the maddened captain may bring a doom of revenge upon the white whale. 'I'd strike the sun if it insulted me,' he says.

The ship scours the seas, one vast empty ocean after another — for to Captain Ahab that sea is empty which does not hold the white whale. Tidings of Moby Dick are sometimes heard when the Pequod speaks another lonely whale ship; he has been seen, perhaps, last year in another sea, and every rumor of him tells of his havoc among boats and men. To say here what doom falls might be to impair for the reader the terrors of that search and of the encounter at last when a hump like a snow-hill and a vast milky forehead of involved wrinkles are seen sliding through a sea that is like a noon meadow for calmness.

In proceeding now to the extensive quotations which are the object of this article, it will be necessary only to give a general description of the process of whaling, summarized from the book itself, in order that the subject may be clear. Perhaps that praise had better not be too much obtruded which might be of a kind to provoke contention, for it chances that to the present writer Herman Melville satisfies not only every judgment but every inmost preference; so that it seems as if no greatness that has ever been surpasses his greatness.

Nantucket is the island from which the whaling vessels put off on their three, four, or five years' voyage. It is a 'mere hillock, an elbow of sand; all beach, without a background.' The Nantucketers are sea hermits, overrunning the watery world:

> Two thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his; he owns it, as Emperors own empires, other seamen having but a right of way through it. Merchant ships are but extension bridges; armed ones but floating forts; even pirates and privateers, though following the sea as highwaymen the road, they but plunder other ships, other fragments of the land like themselves, without seeking to draw their living from the bottomless deep itself. The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea; he alone, in Bible language, goes down to it in ships; to and fro ploughing it as his own special plantation. *There* is his home; *there* lies his business, which a Noah's flood would not interrupt, though it overwhelmed all the millions in China. He lives on the sea, as prairie cocks in the prairie; he hides among the waves, he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps.
>
> For years he knows not the land; so that when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an Earthsman. With the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows, so at nightfall the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails, and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales.

On board are the captain, three mates, three harpooners, and sailors. From the time of the captain's old encounter with Moby Dick, when in whirling eddies of sinking oars and men he had desperately seized a short line-knife and struck at the whale, 'blindly seeking with a six-inch blade to reach the fathom-deep life of the whale,' and Moby Dick, 'suddenly sweeping his sickle-shaped lower jaw beneath him, had reaped away Ahab's

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leg, as a mower a blade of grass in the field,' he had madly identified the whale 'not only with all his bodily woes, but all his intellectual and spiritual exasperations':

All that most maddens and torments; all that stirs up the lees of things; all truth with malice in it; all that cracks the sinews and cakes the brain; all the subtle demonisms of life and thought; all evil, to crazy Ahab, were visibly personified, and made practically assailable in Moby Dick. He piled upon the whale's white hump the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down; and then, as if his chest had been a mortar, he burst his hot heart's shell upon it.

To see the captain with his mates, a description may be given of the cabin table:

Over his ivory-inlaid table Ahab presided like a mute, maned sea lion on the white coral beach, surrounded by his warlike but still deferential cubs. In his own proper turn, each officer waited to be served. They were as little children before Ahab; and yet, in Ahab, there seemed not to lurk the smallest social arrogance.

With one mind, their intent eyes all fastened upon the old man's knife, as he carved the chief dish before him, I do not suppose that for the world they would have profaned that moment with the slightest observation, even upon so neutral a topic as the weather. No! And when reaching out his knife and fork, between which the slice of beef was locked, Ahab thereby motioned Starbuck's plate toward him, the mate received his meat as though receiving alms; and cut it tenderly; and a little startled if, perchance, the knife grazed against the plate; and chewed it noiselessly; and swallowed it, not without circumspection. For . . . these cabin meals were somehow solemn meals, eaten in awful silence; and yet at table old Ahab forbade not conversation; only he himself was dumb.

What a relief it was to choking Stubb, when a rat made a sudden racket in the hold below. And poor little Flask, he was the youngest son of this weary family party. His were the shinbones of the saline beef; his would have been the drumsticks. For Flask to have presumed to help himself, this must have seemed to him tantamount to larceny in the first degree. Had he helped himself at that table, doubtless, nevermore would he have been able to hold his head up in this honest world; nevertheless, strange to say, Ahab never forbade him. And had Flask helped himself, the chances were Ahab had never so much as noticed it.

Each mate had his harpooner assigned to him — there was one of these who always brought his own harpoon with him, 'deeply intimate with the hearts of whales'; another an Indian; another a coal-black negro savage who, when a black storm overtakes the sailors' revelries, cries, 'What of that? Who's afraid of black's afraid of me! I'm quarried out of it!' When in those same revels of many-nationed sailors, anger quick as the lightning flashes between two of them, and the rest would form a ring for the fight, 'Ready formed,' says an old Manx sailor. 'There! the ringed horizon. In that ring Cain struck Abel.'

The mastheads are kept always manned, and the warning is called the moment a whale is seen spouting its vapory jet on the horizon. ('If ye see a white one, split your lungs for him!' says Ahab.) The three boats are then lowered and put off from the ship to give chase, each with a mate, his harpooner, and the sailors rowing, goaded on by the frenzied exhortations of the mate:

'Sing out and say something, my hearties! Roar and pull, my thunderbolts! Beach me, beach me on their black backs [the whales'], boys; only do that for me, and I'll sign over to you my Martha's Vineyard plantation, boys; including wife and children, boys. Lay me on — lay me on! O Lord, Lord! but I shall go stark, staring mad!'

Or, when they are flying through the sea after an old bull whale with a strange choking spout ('Who's got some paregoric?' said Stubb; 'he has the stomach ache, I'm afraid. Lord, think of having half an acre of stomach ache!') in competition with a German boat:

'I tell ye what it is, men,' cried Stubb to his crew, 'it's against my religion to get mad; but I'd like to eat that villainous Yarman — pull — won't ye? Are ye going to let that rascal beat ye? Do ye love brandy? A hogshead of brandy,

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then, to the best man. Come, why don't some of ye burst a blood vessel? Who's that been dropping an anchor overboard — we don't budge an inch — we're becalmed. Halloo, here's grass growing in the boat's bottom — and by the Lord, the mast there's budding. This won't do, boys. Look at that Yarman!'

A line is attached to the harpoon, and when the iron is darted and lodged in the whale, the boat is torn through the sea, drawn on the line by the flying fish. As the whale slackens the line is hauled in and, the boat ranging close, dart after dart is hurled into the fish in a crimson pond in which the men's reflecting faces glow to each other like red men. As the boat lies along the whale's flank, the mate 'slowly churned his long sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning, as if cautiously seeking to feel after some gold watch that the whale might have swallowed, and which he was fearful of breaking ere he could hook it out. But that gold watch he sought was the innermost life of the fish.' Sometimes the stricken fish sounds.

As the three boats lay there on that gently-rolling sea, gazing into its eternal blue noon; and as not a single groan or cry of any sort, nay, not so much as a ripple or a bubble came up from its depths; what landsman would have thought that beneath all that silence and placidity the utmost monster of the sea was writhing and wrenching in agony! Not eight inches of perpendicular rope were visible at the bows. Seems it credible that by three such thin threads the great leviathan was suspended like the big weight to an eight-day clock? Suspended? and to what? to three bits of board.

Is this the creature of whom it was once so triumphantly said —'Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish spears? The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold, the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon: he esteemeth iron as straw; the arrow cannot make him flee; darts are counted as stubble; he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.' This the creature? this he? Oh! that unfulfillments should follow the prophets. For with the strength of a thousand thighs in his tail, leviathan has run his head under the mountains of the sea, to hide him from the Pequod's fish spears!

The dead whale is towed by the three boats to the ship and secured to it. The mate, perhaps, fancies a steak for his supper, and has one cut from the small:

Nor was Stubb the only banqueter on whale's flesh that night. Mingling their mumblings with his own mastications, thousands on thousands of sharks, swarming round the dead leviathan, smackingly feasted on his fatness. The few sleepers below in their bunks were often startled by the sharp slapping of their tails against the hull, within a few inches of the sleepers' hearts.

With a hook and windlass the whale's blubber or skin, which later will yield a hundred barrels of oil, is peeled off in strips and lowered to the blubber room, where it is cut into portable pieces and later it is minced for the pots. The fire beneath the try-pots is fed by fritters of this same blubber, still unctuous even after being tried out. So that the whale burns by his own body, even as all is done in the forecastle by lamps of his own oil— for the whalesman is one who hunts his light, 'as a traveler on the prairie hunts up his own supper of game.' The whale's huge head, one third of its entire bulk, is cut off and hoisted against the ship's side, and the peeled white body is allowed to drift away amid insatiate sharks and screaming fowl into infinite perspective. In the head is the deep cistern of about five hundred gallons of sperm oil, which is tapped with tackle and poles and a bucket, which comes up 'all bubbling like a dairymaid's pail of new milk.' The oil in large tubs cools and crystallizes into lumps which must be squeezed back into fluid:

Squeeze! squeeze! squeeze! all the morning long; I squeezed that sperm till I myself almost melted into it; I squeezed that sperm till a strange sort of insanity came over me; and I found myself unwittingly squeezing my co-laborers' hands in it, mistaking their hands for the gentle globules. Such an abounding, affectionate, friendly, loving feeling did this avoca-

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tion beget, that at last I was continually squeezing their hands, and looking up into their eyes sentimentally, as much as to say, 'Oh! my dear fellow beings, why should we longer cherish any social acerbities, or know the slightest ill humor or envy! Come, let us squeeze hands all round; nay, let us all squeeze ourselves into each other; let us squeeze ourselves universally into the very milk and sperm of kindness!'

Would that I could keep squeezing that sperm forever! For now, since by many prolonged, repeated experiences, I have perceived that in all cases man must eventually lower, or at least shift, his conceit of attainable felicity; not placing it anywhere in the intellect or the fancy; but in the wife, the heart, the bed, the table, the saddle, the fireside, the country; now that I have perceived all this, I am ready to squeeze 'case' eternally. In thoughts of the visions of the night I saw long rows of angels in paradise, each with his hands in a jar of spermaceti.

Finally, the oil is decanted off into casks and struck down into the hold, 'where once again leviathan returns to his native profundities.' When the ship and mariners, suffused with unctuousness after ninety-six hours of this affair of oil, are purged and cleansed, the heavy labor is at an end. 'But mark: aloft there, at the three mastheads, stand three men intent on spying out more whales, which, if caught, infallibly will again soil the old oaken furniture, and drop at least one small grease spot somewhere.'

Herman Melville man-handles his leviathan in every part, his brow, his featureless face, his tucked-away eye, his ear smaller than a hare's, his ribs, his vertebræ — though, as he penetrates, 'Have a care,' he warns himself, 'how you seize the privilege of Jonah alone.' He has copied into these pages, from his right arm, the measurements recorded there, tattooing being his only means of preserving such valuable statistics. 'But as I was crowded for space,' he says, 'and wished the other parts of my body to remain a blank page for a poem I was then composing, I did not trouble myself with the odd inches.' (His humor cannot be spoken of separately, it is inextricable from his greatness, his very gloom is made with it.) On a point of size he puts Pliny right. 'And if ever I go where Pliny is, I, a whalesman, will make bold to tell him so.' He considers whether the furious hunt will exterminate whales, and decides not:

As, upon the invasion of their valleys, the frosty Swiss have retreated to their mountains, so, hunted from the savannas and glades of the middle seas, the whale-bone whales can at last resort to their Polar citadels, and, diving under the ultimate glassy barriers and walls there, come up among icy fields and floes; and in a charmed circle of everlasting December bid defiance to all pursuit from man.

And all the time amid ghastly terror and disaster the captain's mad purpose is intensifying itself, defying the broken mates and half-mutinous crew, and wilder grow his great musings. To the sea he says: 'Oh! thou dark Hindoo half of nature, who of drowned bones hast builded thy separate throne somewhere in the heart of these unverdured seas; thou art an infidel, thou queen, and too truly speakest to me in the wide-slaughtering Typhoon, and the hushed burial of its after-calm.' And to the sun, as he takes his latitude:

Thou high and mighty Pilot! thou tellest me truly where I *am* — but canst thou cast the least hint where I *shall* be? Or canst thou tell where some other thing besides me is this moment living? Where is Moby Dick? This instant thou must be eyeing him. These eyes of mine look into the very eye that is even now beholding him; aye, and into the eye that is even now equally beholding the objects on the unknown thither side of thee, thou sun!

What is quoted here is but a hint of the Shakespearean grandeur of Ahab. Any quotation here bears the same relation, or less than the same, to the whole quality of the book as these few paragraphs bear to its quantity — its

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five hundred close pages. If these quotations do not make the reader tremble with what is given to him, it is because in the book alone, and not to be pulled out by finger-fulls, that trembling revelation awaits him. These quotations are necessarily but the approach to the matter of the book; to this part the reader can give his part; to the whole he cannot give less than his whole. It is better to leave Ahab almost unhinted at; you cannot enter fleetingly into that overwhelming world of his spirit. Or, to take leave of him externally we will see him for the last time when — a small incident in the terrible climax — his ivory leg has been snapped off, leaving a short, sharp splinter. 'Aye! and all splintered to pieces, Stubb! — d'ye see it? But even with a broken bone, old Ahab is untouched; and I account no living bone of mine one jot more me, than this dead one that's lost. Nor white whale, nor man, nor fiend, can so much as graze old Ahab in his own proper and inacessible being. Can any lead touch yonder floor, any mast scrape yonder roof?'

Readers of the book will see that this is the greatest of sea-writers whom even Conrad must own as master. Barrie confessedly owes him his Captain Hook. Great isolated fame Herman Melville must have in many an individual mind which, having once known him, is then partly made of him forever. But how little *Moby Dick* is generally known is exemplified by a writer in the *Times Literary Supplement* recently, who, in a clever article on Herman Melville, did not even mention this book, as if his fame really rested on those better-known and comparatively insignificant stories' *Typee* and *Omoo*. Though *Moby Dick* has been published in England, and has been included in the 'Everyman' series, it is at present out of print.

[*The New Statesman*]

MR. CHESTERTON'S BOOK ON DIVORCE

It is open to doubt whether the average man is interested in divorce except in so far as it provides him with an absorbing substitute for fiction in the daily paper. The misbehavior of married people has, for some reason, always afforded a most satisfying spectacle to the world at large. We do not view it with the same detached interest with which we read of the robbery of a bank or a forgery. It makes a meal for the imagination as no other kind of misconduct does. When human beings discuss some choice instance of it, there is in most companies a smile on every face as though they were gathered round a Christmas dinner. Still, however engrossing the average man may find divorce as a subject of scandal, he has no further enthusiasm for it. He forgets all about it when he is voting at elections, and he does not agitate to have his children taught about it at school. He feels that, as regards himself, it is a matter of no importance.

On the other hand, there is a minority of persons who do take divorce seriously. Some of them are passionately 'for,' and some of them are passionately 'against.' Those who are 'against' take, for the most part, the traditional Catholic view of marriage; those who are 'for' take what is called a more rationalistic view. We do not mean to suggest that the universal Christian attitude is an attitude of complete prohibition. The Greek Church, unlike the Latin, sanctions absolute divorce on grounds of adultery. It all depends on the interpretation of that saying of Christ: 'Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall

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marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.' The Latin Church maintains that this refers only to an act of incontinence which took place before marriage and of which the husband knew nothing. Hence, though it is not opposed to separation in certain circumstances, it all but absolutely prohibits complete divorce.

Mr. Chesterton, in his new book, *The Superstition of Divorce*,* quotes the amusing saying of a Roman Catholic friend, who declared 'he approved of release so long as it was not spelled with a hyphen.' Thus, as Mr. Chesterton puts it, 'the divorce controversy is not really a controversy about divorce. It is a controversy about re-marriage.' Those who differ from Mr. Chesterton on this matter, however, seldom do so on theological grounds. They argue from the point of view of purely human justice. They are mainly concerned with the rights of man, or rather with the rights of woman. One would imagine, as one reads some passages in Mr. Chesterton, that the divorce law reformers were advocating compulsory divorce. All that they advocate, of course, is that a door of escape shall be opened for a number of exceptionally miserable persons, and that a divorced man or woman shall be treated as an unmarried person, with all the rights of the unmarried. They believe, like Mr. Chesterton himself, that the love of man and woman is not only an inevitable but a desirable thing, and they do not see why a good woman who has had a disastrous marriage should be debarred from a happy one when it is not forbidden to an unmarried woman with a past.

Needless to say, to the orthodox Catholic this view seems wholly irrelevant. He will admit that, on purely abstract grounds, he does not see why the sun should not have the same liberty to go round the earth that the earth has to go round the sun. God, however, he will tell you, has ordered otherwise; and that settles the matter for him. The duty of man is, in his view, to obey the law of God, not to move amendments to it. Clearly, there is no reply to this argument, unless you can prove to him that he has misinterpreted the law of God. Reason with him on any other ground, and you might as well be pelting him with arguments from another planet.

Mr. Chesterton, however, has chosen to deny himself benefit of the clergy in his new argument against divorce, and he offers to meet his opponents on their own secular grounds. His book is mainly a defense of the family, and of marriage as the bulwark of the family. He is suspicious of anything that would lessen the seriousness of men and women in their attitude to marriage. 'The obvious effect of frivolous divorce,' he declares, 'will be frivolous marriage. If people can be separated for no reason, they will feel it all the easier to be united for no reason. A man might quite clearly foresee that a sensual infatuation would be fleeting, and console himself with the knowledge that the connection could be equally fleeting.' That, we admit, is the peril that has to be guarded against in all reform of the marriage law. To the 'free lovers' it will obviously not seem to be a peril at all. But free love is, fortunately or unfortunately, a creed that is usually wrecked on the fact that, while two people may easily be agreed as to the precise moment at which to begin love, they are seldom agreed as to the precise moment at which to leave off love.

There would, most people will admit, be little point in amending the divorce law merely in order to facilitate promiscuous unions of an easy-

* *The Superstition of Divorce.* By G. K. Chesterton Chatto and Windus. 5*s* net.

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going kind such as will occur in considerable numbers whether the law is amended or not. All that is needed in regard to this is to alter the law of bastardy and to remove the stigma of bastardy so far as this is possible. The serious advocates of greater facilities for divorce, however, do not propose a world of free unions as an ideal. They wish to make laws for the exceptions, not for the rules, just as we do in the laws relating to murder or burglary, or the marriage of a deceased wife's sister. It is a comparatively rare man who wishes to marry his deceased wife's sister, but it seems only reasonable that he should be allowed to do so if he is prepared to take the risk. In the same way, those who advocate greater freedom of divorce do so in a spirit of charity rather than of hope — for the sake of others rather than of themselves.

The curious thing is that even Mr. Chesterton would grant some of the disastrously married greater freedom, though he bases his principal case against divorce on the ground of the inviolability of the marriage vow. Surely, to demand a judicial separation is a violation of the marriage vow no less than to seek a complete divorce. In Mr. Chesterton's eyes, it is as shameful to go back on one's marriage vow as it is to desert one's country; and yet he actually in certain circumstances would permit a wife to desert her husband, provided she did not turn to some new loyalty. He compares the marriage vow to the vow of the mediæval knight, as though even mediæval knights did not at times transfer their homage; and he protests that the reformers to-day 'are trying to break the vow of the knight as they broke the vow of the monk.'

This seems to us to be somewhat far-fetched, though not quite so far-fetched as his suggestion that the capitalists are encouraging divorce because they wish to break up the family and so destroy the last centre of opposition to the servile state. He regards the family as a little precinct of freedom always nobly at odds with the state's inhuman designs. He is such an enthusiast for the family, indeed, that he apparently would not interfere with it even in order to prevent cruelty to a child. 'Modern education,' he complains, 'is founded on the principle that a parent is more likely to be cruel than anybody else.' When we read a sentence like this, we sometimes wonder whether Mr. Chesterton has any interest in human beings and whether he does not suffer from a diseased worship of institutions. He may loathe the institution of the state, but he makes up for it by his idolatry of other institutions such as the family and the Church. For ourselves, we have no quarrel with the man who venerates any of these institutions, provided he does not offer up human sacrifices to them.

There is no institution which has any reason for existence except the service of human beings. The family, no more than the state, has the right to treat human beings as chattels. Mr. Chesterton, unhappily, has often revealed a strange indifference to cruelty. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the people who exposed the Congo atrocities, the people who criticized the treatment of dogs in Naples, even (if we are not mistaken) the critics of pogroms and witch finders — these are the sort of persons about whom he invariably writes in a passion of wrath. In his attack on divorce, he seems to us to betray a lack of capacity to understand what cruelty is really like. Probably he is himself so incapable of cruelty that he does not even know about it. Anyhow, in a chapter called 'The

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Tragedies of Marriage,' he treats the question of cruelty with a flippancy that would be impossible to a humorist who was also, as Dickens was, a protector of the human being.

'Nine times out of ten,' writes Mr. Chesterton, 'the judgment on a navvy for hitting a woman is about as just as a judgment on him for not taking his hat off to a lady.' If he takes the extreme Socialist view that it is a judgment less on the navvy than on the society that produced him, there may be something to be said for Mr. Chesterton's view, but how can he reconcile this with his belief in the immense moral responsibility of the individual? In another passage he writes:

> Every marriage is a sort of wild balance: and in every case the compromise is as unique as an eccentricity. Philanthropists walking in the slums often see the compromise in the street, and mistake it for a fight. When they interfere, they are thoroughly thumped by both parties; and serve them right, for not respecting the very institution that brought them into the world.

His jocularity reaches its highest point, however, when he comes to the tragedies of drink and madness. In regard to the former, he observes:

> It is not a flippancy, but a fact, that the misfortune of the woman who has married a drunkard may have to be balanced against the misfortune of the man who has married a teetotaler.

As regards the tragedies of madness, he writes:

> It is insisted that a married person must at least find release from the society of a lunatic; but it is also true that the scientific reformers, with their fuss about 'the feeble minded,' are continually giving larger and looser definitions of lunacy. The process might begin by releasing somebody from a homicidal maniac, and end by dealing in the same way with a rather dull conversationalist.

Could anyone with the slightest sense of tragedy content himself with such out-of-place trifling? Only a man ready to defend institutions at all costs could take refuge in irrelevant giggles of this kind. On the other hand, on the question of the importance of the virtue of fidelity, Mr. Chesterton has the moral sense of the world at his back. There can, undoubtedly, be romantic passion without fidelity, but that is, perhaps, because there can be romantic passion without love. In any case, one is not eager to see the future of the race in the hands of romantic egoists. With the disappearance of the sense of duty, however, romantic egoism gets more and more into the air.

There are popular contemporary novelists who appear to have no more belief in the sense of duty and fidelity as virtues than in two old egg shells. It is not for the sake of the romantic that we take sides with those who believe in improving the divorce laws. After all, a woman who has made a mistake and married a maniac should not be deprived of the right to exercise the virtue of fidelity to another man. Divorce may in practice lead even to more fidelity and more families. At present, it must be admitted, in nine cases out of ten, it is the wrong people who get divorced — people who are as unfit to be divorced as they were to be married. The right people, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, do not wish to be divorced, and divorce loses thereby almost its only chance of dignity.

This leads us to wonder, indeed, whether any divorce law is likely to increase the sum of human happiness by the weight of a straw. It is only a tiny question compared to the great moral and social problems with which we are faced. Divorce, however, can undoubtedly mitigate the cruelty of life for a considerable number of people. It is as a mitigation of cruelty, not as an aid to happiness, that wise men will have most faith in it. Other people will continue to love and marry, whatever we do about it.

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[*Land and Water*]

REAL PEOPLE IN BOOKS

BY J. C. SQUIRE

THE other day I met an acquaintance who looked unusually depressed. Depressed is perhaps scarcely the word: in his air was a mixture of resignation, sadness, and reproach, reproach born rather of sorrow than of anger. 'Well,' said his expression, 'I did n't think you 'd do it, and possibly you did n't know you would hurt me. But it was a careless blow, and though I have far more courage and stoicism than you think, I shall not easily recover from it.' If his expression did not say all that, it should have said it. It was not, I was happy to feel, addressed to me; from me he sought rather consolation, those sweet lies which have been balm to many a wound. He had been badly hurt.

An old friend, a practising novelist, had put him into a novel. He was not the villain of the novel; far from it, he was, if anything, one of the heroes; he appeared very little and did several kind deeds. He was described as handsome, honorable, rich, moral; and a hundred attributes were bestowed on him, the imputation of which could be resented by no sensible one. But the portrait was a recognizable one, and among the most accurate things about it were the indications of vices, or of weaknesses scarcely worthy of that name: let us say dislike of mental discomfort, unpunctuality, a slight defect of will. It was impossible to deny that the portrait, where it was not just, was flattering. Yet it was resented, as I think a truly faithful portrait by a friend would be resented by any man. It was resented as not merely unkind (for one's friends should spare one) but unfair. And the notion of unfairness was easily traceable by an examination of my own breast.

It was unfair, the victim felt, to depict any fault as a friend's fixed characteristic. For what are our faults? Not, to ourselves, permanent elements in us; at least not things necessarily permanent. They are rather smudges on a pane, cobwebs in a corner, which we could (and which we may) remove to-morrow if we liked. We may not think it worth while — for the moment — to pull ourselves together; but all the pride of our unique personality rises in anger when the suggestion is made that the smudge is a flaw in the glass, the cobweb a part of the fabric. It is cruel to pin a man down in this way; he hates to feel that there he is, with a description in print from which he will be unable to escape, which will hang like a millstone around his neck; the whole world, as it were, conspiring to prevent him from changing. The least our friends can do is to refrain from telling, and especially from writing, the truth about us.

At best, to those who feel that decent behavior is more important than any book, using real people as characters is a dangerous business. In the instance to which I refer I think no act was imputed to the character which he had not committed; but even that did not prevent the wound. We must admit that novelists and playwrights may, always will, usually must, make use of the personalities of people whom they know. Not invariably. If a man writes a play about Nero he does not look around among his friends, however Neronic many of them may be, to find a model for his principal character: he knows enough about Nero, though he never saw him, to give his imagination a starting point. He has a face, and the main features of the type and the individual: he wants to borrow nothing from A the

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journalist or B who lives in the Albany. But where contemporary fiction is concerned, though there have been novelists whose brains generated purely invented people as well as derivative people, it is an immense aid, whatever sort of person is being described, to bear (at the start at all events) a particular human being in mind. But it is an obligation on the man who does this to disguise his character beyond recognition where there is the least possibility of offense: unless his whole purpose be offense.

There have been in our day a great many novels in which men and women one knew, or knew about, have appeared with no attempt at disguise: sometimes with every effort to insure identification. There are living politicians, painters, authors who are known to many people only through their alleged portraits in books. Novelists have contracted so habitually the custom of making things easy for themselves and securing a cheap pungency by drawing on their knowledge of Mr. Snook, R.A., Sir John Pigment, or Lady Jane Dolt, that many readers when they get a new novel of the *mœurs contemporaines* kind, ask as they meet each fresh character, 'I wonder who this is meant for?'

We continually find, within a week of a new novel's appearance, a rumor running round London to the effect that So-and-so is in it to the life or that So-and-so gets it hot. This in fiction is not the game, and the more realistic and convincing the fiction the worse it is. A man is introduced: his face, clothes, house, family, profession, achievements are precisely described; his gestures and the very accents of his voice are reproduced; and he is carried through a series of actions of which some are totally fictitious and others are copied from actions he is known to have performed. This is unpardonable: it is simply telling lies about a real person, lies which, if they sound likely enough, may cause not merely pain but serious practical embarrassment.

For me I should, I freely confess, be hurt if a friend, and annoyed if anybody else, set me truthfully down without imputing to me anything false. I should be furious if I were, in a recognizable way, described and represented as doing things, obviously piggish or merely not to my taste, which a stranger or an acquaintance might pardonably suppose that I had done. The one sort of work in which I, or any man, need not mind being described, however accurately, and carried through actions, however unlikely, is a thoroughgoing shocker. Much as I should loathe appearing 'under a thin disguise' as seducing somebody or indulging in wholesale backbiting (things not uncommon and liable to be believed of any man to whom they are imputed), I should not mind in the least if a novelist painted me as vividly as possible, made identification certain, even spelled my name backward, or even spelled it forward, if he made his story obviously false. He could take me and do what he liked with me: make me emulate the hero of the *Brides in Bath* story, run a baby farm, blow up the Houses of Parliament, or accumulate a fortune by burglary or the abstraction of pennies from blind men's tins.

These crimes are not merely crimes that I have not committed and have not (I most earnestly assure you) any intention of committing; but they are crimes which nobody who knew of my existence (and the others are not in question) would suppose me to have committed. Murders and highway robberies galore may be saddled upon my counterfeit presentment: I shall not merely not mind, but I shall (so

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strange is the constitution of the human mind) be openly pleased. But the deeds that I might conceivably commit and don't: from the suggestion of these God save me, and us all. It does not matter being the subject of a fairy tale, but it is most disagreeable to be the subject of scandalous gossip.

[*The Saturday Review*]

THE UNEARTHLY NOTE IN MODERN MUSIC

THE latest thing in the musical ear of London is a Lyrical Symphonic Poem by Georges D'Orlay entitled 'Flamma Artis.' Mr. Albert Coates conducted the London Symphony Orchestra through it on a recent Monday evening very creditably. It was obviously not his fault that we seldom heard the unfortunate lady who declaimed the vocal part. It was clearly the composer's intention that she should not be heard. He decreed that she should be there mainly to add to the general disturbance when occasion required a more than usually supreme effort. She was part of the composer's symphonic outfit, which, so far as we could gather from a first hearing, Mr. Coates handled with great intelligence and presence of mind. He enabled us to appreciate the work with unusual accuracy owing to the incisive way in which he emphasized the leading ideas and prevented his players from taking any advantage of the fact that the music was new. He allowed us no reason to suppose that we shall think more highly of 'Flamma Artis' when we come to know it better.

We are going to dwell upon one characteristic only of this Lyrical Symphony to the exclusion of the rest, because it is a characteristic common to much modern music. The flames of life, so monotonously invoked in this poem, are eldritch flames, the emotions are unearthly, the forms that rise are spectral. We feel continually that this is the kind of music which might be written by a planchette. It is music for spooks and witches or anyone who has been thoroughly and successfully disembodied.

Here we touch upon an element in modern music which would doubtless repay careful investigation by critics and philosophers. Why are modern musicians most happy when they are setting to music metaphysics which they do not wholly understand? Why do they so often choose to deal either with abstractions or with emotions and adventures beyond experience? Why must modern musicians be so often preternatural, remote, grotesque, abnormal, almost anything but plain human? Why does Scriabin theosophize? Why does Debussy bury his cathedral before writing about it, and why when he wants a half-holiday does he take it in the form of an elephant? Why does Strauss speak through Zarathustra and cry with the voice of Electra? And why does the whole texture of modern music, even when it professes to utter ordinary human feelings, shine and shimmer with lights and colors not of this world? Why has so much of it a tang which belongs to no fruit ever gathered from an earthy garden? Why is so much modern music either diabolian or ethereal? Somebody said of Berlioz's music in *Faust*, that it smelled of brimstone. Modern music often smells worse than that. If pain had a smell, it would smell like some of our modern music, and if this music had a taste, it would taste like mustard pickles clamoring in vain for their wholesome complement of cold roast beef. Or there is another sort which smells and tastes like water from the crystal sea in the Apocalypse.

In a word, the most common quality of modern music is to be unearthly, to

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be above, below, or against nature, but rarely to be natural. It can be no mere accident of fashion that musicians to-day delight in muted instruments. The use of the mute is only significant as giving a mysterious or unnatural turn to a familiar voice. It is equally no accident that musicians delight in the harp, which at once brings in a remote and ethereal note, or the trombone which is seldom of this world. It is not caprice merely that modern composers should be continually trying to find combinations of instruments that are strange and scales that are unprecedented in our ears. These are the outward signs of an inward tendency. The impulse is strong in modern music to express the supernatural, to lead the imagination into regions where it may shape its beauties and horrors in a void.

The explanation has yet to be found. Partly, perhaps, our musicians obey the general movement of the time away from the elementary materialism in science, art, and philosophy which satisfied the advanced thinkers of fifty years ago. There is a parallel movement toward a new kind of mysticism to-day in science, art, religion, and philosophy, and music follows with the rest. We should expect the reaction against realism to be stronger in music than in any other human activity, for the whole principle and practice of realism is contrary to music.

It is significant that the man who did most to bring music into touch with common incident, who made it treat, so to speak, of bed and board, suffered from this reaction as much as anybody. Strauss flies from his baby and the striking clocks to the backward and abysm of time (as in Zarathustra) or to the sublimities of an unearthly transfiguration (as in Tod and Verklaung). His music shows us very clearly the pretty pickle into which the modern composers have been led. Having set music to paint landscapes, to argue philosophies, to depict character and to chronicle incidents, the time inevitably came when they yearned to escape from this self-inflicted bondage. Some ride off on a broomstick, others flap their wings ineffectually in a metaphysical void, some simply get as far away as possible from ordinary human ideas and emotions. In reaction from Strauss's bathroom they fly from the earth altogether.

The function of music is to express emotions more directly and at the same time more universally than is possible in any other medium. Music presents us 'with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls' in a way that has never been explained, though many philosophers have had a try at it. Of late this function has been either repudiated or obscured.

Music has ceased to be a mistress in her own house and has become a general servant to the sister arts. For a generation an attempt has been made to make music express objects and ideas which can be better expressed in literature and painting. Music, which by its nature is direct and universal, is thus forced to be indirect and specific. Where once we were content to receive the Fifth Symphony as a direct and universal utterance, whose directness and universality would be destroyed by any attempt to translate it into words, to-day we are confronted with poems and programmes which have to be read in close association with the music which they limit and embarrass at every turn.

The musicians, poor fellows, feel there is something wrong. Hence their liking for poems they do not understand and their quaint excursions into transcendental philosophy. A com-

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poser is less likely to be limited by a poem which means nothing or by a theosophy which may mean anything. Is it not possible that music has become inhuman because it has tried to be all too human? Beethoven is universal, but he is thoroughly human. Georges d'Orlay is specific, but the thing he specifies is like nothing on this earth.

The reaction in modern music seems to have taken the wrong direction. It should have reacted against a servile specification of the things that interest humanity. It has reacted instead against humanity itself. Bach wrote music for a cathedral. His realist successors tried to describe the bishop. The more modern musician revenges himself on the bishop by drowning his cathedral under the sea.

Or is it that music is actually leading us to altogether new lines and levels of thought? Are our musicians secretly determined that music shall not be distanced by the higher mathematics in generalizing the universe?

We have much the same feeling when listening to Scriabin as when listening to Professor Eddington. Perhaps, unknown to us of grosser perception, our modern musicians already move in the time-space which is still an eerie habitation for persons of common clay. For ourselves, we are content to end roughly where we began and to renew our original question: Why on earth should so much of our modern music be unearthly?

[*To-day*]

AN ESSAY ON EYES

BY CLAUDE TESSIER

'READER, I have no ear!' Thus Elia in the beginning of his famous chapter. But I write of eyes; and, reader, I have an eye — an eye for other eyes. Of which there are three kinds — human eyes, animal eyes, and inanimate eyes. By the last I mean the eyes of things such as the succulent potato and the needle. Let profiteers remember the latter; for are we not told that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven? Surely this should prick the conscience of the war-wealthy.

Bull's eyes have variable functions in our commonwealth. Some have an incurable aversion to red; others disturb the tranquillity of thieves, lovers, and tramps on dark nights; another kind brings fame to sportsmen and our soldiers at their musketry course; while mothers thank the gods for that round, striped, sticky variety which solaces the heart and quietens the tongue of the innocent child. Horses, cats, dogs, fauns, owls, and fowls all have characteristic eyes, for which the novelist is duly thankful. We have all met in our fiction the maiden with the fawn-like eyes and the jealous sister with orbs of stealthy felinity, and the bad girl of the family who is often affected with a nasty squint to add to her burdens. Becky Sharp had cat's eyes, I am sure; and does not R. L. S. in one flash-phrase illumine the engaging personality of the versatile Jim Pinkerton by telling us that 'his eye was active as a fowl's'?

Whenever I gaze into the eyes of a horse I feel sad. Something in those liquid depths speaks to me of long, long years of labor, of innumerable loads drawn endlessly along rutty roads, of patient obedience, assisted by a whipthong, to masters good and bad; and then I am depressed, for I do not like to be reminded of toil, and my rebellious spirit snorts at the thought of patient obedience to masters good and bad.

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And now we come to human eyes. Old and young, dim and sparkling, gray, green, hazel, brown, blue, and black (two varieties), fat eyes, bulging and deep-set, round and narrow, so I might go on. But I am not a cataloguer trying to do for eyes what Galton did for finger-prints. Science has not yet half exploited the possibilities of the human eye; she has let Sister Art cultivate almost exclusively this fair field of God's creation. The painters have done well, and so have the authors. Even sculptors do their best, yet there is always something lacking in even the finest statuary.

Think of those cold, white figures of Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar could they be endowed with the fire that once flamed from the living eye! Speculations on the lost arms of the Venus of Milo are legion, but I wonder about her eyes; for the eyes of a beautiful woman are as full of mystery and significance of all the deepest secrets of Nature and the divine handiwork of God as the stars in the universe. Did not rare Ben Jonson sing to his love:

> Drink to me only with thine eyes,
> And I will pledge with mine.

And that was saying something in those tippling days at 'The Mermaid.'

The Bible constantly refers to the eyes of man — 'An eye for an eye,' 'If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out,' etc.; and the psalmist denounces the rich by crying that 'their eyes stand out with fatness.' Profane as well as sacred writers have made good use also of our divinest attribute. Open any library catalogue — *Eyes Like the Sea, The Green Eye of Goona, Two Bad Blue Eyes* (which sounds interesting), and *A Pair of Blue Eyes* are among the book titles which we notice, while the latest addition is *The Eyes of a Child*, which Mr. Edwin Pugh has just given us.

The poet's eye, 'in fine frenzy rolling'; the scholar's eye, that patient, tired gaze of the mighty reader of books, having a charm all its own; the 'glad eye,' so popular in flapperdom; the weak, fixed stare of the spiritualist and reforming visionary. These are a few everyday types. Then there is the eye of 'The Ancient Mariner,' which was of such mesmeric power that the wedding guest, despite the lure of the music, the minstrelsy, and the merry meal, sat on a cold stone while the skinny old sea-dog expatiated on how he shot the albatross, and the consequences thereof.

We kiss with our lips, but, after all, love is more concerned with the eyes. Think of our popular songs — 'Two Eyes of Gray,' 'Could You Be True to Eyes of Blue?' and so on. A song writer knows the symbol of the old, old story, and he reaches the heart of the people through the eye. Lewis Carroll, who loved children, wrote thus of one of his favorites:

> Child of the pure unclouded brow,
> And dreaming eyes of wonder.

Could he have limned better the sweetness of childhood than by speaking of those dreaming eyes of wonder? I think not. In that marvelous volume produced by two old Germans for the perennial delight of world-wide infancy, *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, there is a pretty story called 'One Eye, Two Eyes, Three Eyes,' that laid hold of my childish imagination with a grip which I have never been able wholly to shake off. It tells how — but you know the story? If not, stop the first child whom you meet coming out of school, and ask for the tale of 'Little Two-Eyes,' then you will understand the power of the eye in the mythology of the human race.

Polyphemus possessed only one eye in the middle of his forehead, so, in

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spite of his celebrity, he is to be pitied. Goliath also had good reason to regret his lack of normal humanity's visionary power, for, you remember, David 'got there' with a stone, and the Giant, owing to his unfortunate ocular limitation, thereupon expired. Speaking of the Bible reminds me that Shakespeare has many powerful passages anent our subject:

> Avaunt and quit my sight
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thou hast no speculation in
> Those eyes which thou dost glare with,

gibbers Macbeth to the apparition. As usual the great dramatist gets to the root of the matter. The eye without 'speculation' becomes fearful to the soul of man — when the spirit has fled the casement through which it looked upon the world — that which remains is barren as ashes, and life shivers and turns away. A war poet wrote:

> The men go out to Flanders as to a Promised Land.
> The men come back from Flanders with eyes that understand.

They had *seen* things, and their eyes were forever changed.

Should there be an incipient novelist among my readers seeking a hint for the art and craft of fictioneering, I would recommend to his notice the words of the man who had no love for clean linen yet trounced a noble but negligent lord in stinging diction. 'Let him give his days and nights to the study of Addison,' roared Johnson, when asked how the tyro could learn to write. I would say to the aspiring maker of story books, let him give his days and nights to the study of eyes.

[*Le Figaro*]

CHAINS: A SCENE FROM A PLAY

BY GEORGES BOURDON

[Editorial Note: The Comédie Française has just given the first presentation of the play from which this scene has been taken. The performance was marked by an extraordinary tumult, for the play deals with the relation of the citizen to peace and war.

Lieutenant Robert Piérard, 'sociologist and intellectual,' an internationalist before the war, has, nevertheless, fully and bravely accomplished his military duty. Seriously wounded at the first battle of the Marne, he is taken prisoner by the Germans, and not allowed to communicate with his family. Through a mistake in identity, his family are led to believe that he lived up to pacifist doctrines in the hour of national peril, and surrendered to the enemy in a cowardly manner. The only friend who remains true to him under these circumstances is a Russian woman to whom he is bound by the profoundest ties of love and community of mind. In a moving scene which begins in tenderness and finishes in violence, the ideals of the woman and the soldier clash. Lydia, the Russian, has just reproached Robert for denying doctrines which he once ardently held. Robert answers her.]

Robert: But do you take me for a turncoat? Do you think that I have returned to you disillusioned, and poisoned with rancor? Look me in the face, Lydia, I can endure your gaze. I do not deny a single souvenir, my ambition seeks no new goal; the same faith consumes me.

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Lydia: How was it, then, that I could no longer follow your language?

Robert: Because it has been tempered in blood, and words so anointed are not the same words one finds in books. Take heed, dear one, lies may hide in the shadows of words, and if there is one thing worse than being duped by an ideal, it is travestying it.

Lydia: The ideal which we are discussing is to-day a dying flame!

Robert: Nay it is a hearth whose embers we are stirring. If you had suffered as we have, suffered in the flesh ——

Lydia (*with energy*): I have not suffered in the flesh? Ah, Robert, that such a blasphemy should be on your tongue! My father murdered in Siberia, my brother an exile in the Caucasus, our possessions confiscated — does that mean nothing? My second brother wounded at Tanenberg, my uncle perishing in the swamps — my people have paid the debt! Would you deny them the right to be heard?

Robert: Let me speak.

Lydia: And all my unknown brothers whose sorrow was my sorrow — what of them? Over all my nation, over the Poland of my mother's kin, over the Russian plain of my father's people there hung the hideous shadow of Prussia. Do you know what that means?

Robert (*interrupting*): But it was against that that we fought! We sought to bring about the Victory of Right! And you condemn us.

Lydia: The Victory of Right — it is in the depths of the soul that the Victory of Right must be won. When you have cut the world in halves, who shall dare to say, 'Here all is Right, there all is Wrong'?

Robert: We are not so presuming. We shall simply say, 'Here stand the men of good will.' And we shall keep an eye on the others. (*Lydia makes a movement of protest.*) My free country, provoked to war, is to-day outraged and invaded — have you forgotten that?

Lydia: Your country? — your field, your house, your bit of sky!

Robert: No! I mean my mind and my heart, the patient and generous architect of my dream, that dream which makes Frenchmen live in the future and cast the injustice of the present behind them, the long, the infinite succession of efforts, hopes, mistakes, successes, agonies, and triumphs, the rocky slope of the mystical, summitless mountain up which my ancestors, for fifteen hundred years, for fifteen thousand years, since the very days of the caverns have fought their way; generation after generation climbing, ever climbing, though with bleeding hands and breasts. And why? For nothing; to seize a torch in the sky — for the pleasure of climbing! There is my country.

Lydia: You have forgotten the day you said, 'The idea of the nation is only a fleeting fancy.'

Robert: But the nation is not a fancy, but a living reality. We are lost in a fog of philosophy, like two children lost in the dust of an old attic. We can escape only by listening to the voices within us.

Lydia: I do listen, but you have stopped your ears.

Robert: The earth itself cries aloud against your error. When men take each other's hands, they will still keep within their traditional boundaries. The cement which binds them together, which makes them one, is the nation.

Lydia: The nations? — egoisms!

Robert: Words! Nations are persons. No matter what men do, the nations hold them in their grasp. Do you remember the night of August 1,

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1914? A bit of paper in a post office accomplished a social and moral revolution which all the thinkers and philosophers for three generations have failed to bring about. By what mystery, by what force beyond the will of men, were the souls of the soldiers of France brought that day to light and flame? It was the appeal of that bit of paper, the authentic voice of France, which made us cast philosophies, words, reason itself to the wind. And this prodigious phenomenon is a natural one, for over half of Europe was it to be seen. To-day, it makes fifteen peoples allies.

Lydia: Fifteen peoples bound in chains.

Robert: In chains which shall be broken only at our death. Yet we are free! And the chains which you hear rattling are the bonds of the nation born of the race, the time, of prejudices and circumstances.

Lydia: All human effort is a breaking of chains. Every chain kills.

Robert: Nay — there are indeed chains which weigh down the onward hurrying feet, and there are chains which are links of chain armor to the soul. We break one or two and think we have won liberty, but if we broke them all at once, with them would break asunder concience, duty, good will, the foundations of life itself. Our very lives would crumble.

Lydia: Because you are but little men!

Robert: Because we are men!

Lydia: You are living in the past. And I thought that you and I were born to foretell the future. Lift your eyes to the heights, toward that reason which you blaspheme!

Robert: Ah, yes — rationalism with all its gestures.

Lydia: Gestures? Then you are even ready to make a mock of the mind?

Robert: But the intellect is not all there is to life. To understand all does not mean that one feels all. Humanity flames in waves of life and death, sometimes the iron which the smith seeks to shape overwhelms him.

Lydia (with a gesture of disdain): You have been false to your dream!

Robert: No! No! That I shall not endure!

[*The Times*]

A NEW COLLECTION OF ENGLISH PROSE

We cannot read this anthology of Mr. Pearsall Smith's* without thinking of the anthology we would make ourselves and wondering all the while why his differs from ours. Why, among writers of the past, does he omit Shaftesbury and give but one passage from Johnson, when he gives so many from Sir Thomas Browne? Why is there not more of Gibbon's wit, and why not his great passage upon the funeral and character of Julian the Apostate? Why so many short, labored, and not profound sentences from Carlyle followed by but one extract from Newman? Why the Gioconda passage from Pater, which has the defect that it is false?

**A Treasury of English Prose.* Edited by Logan Pearsall Smith. Constable, 6s net.

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Why no Dickens at all, and no William Morris, and no W. H. Hudson? The answer is that Mr. Pearsall Smith lays his own emphasis in this anthology and we should lay another. For him our prose is greatest when it is nearest to poetry; it is overshadowed by our poetry and almost its poor relation.

A Frenchman reading his anthology might say: All this is magnificent, but it is hardly prose; this is the literature of a people that can sing and preach, but cannot converse; I listen with amazement to all these prophets, but I should not care to talk with them; for, to tell the truth, they are not civilized; they do not seem to be men like myself only abler; they are chiefs or elders at a tribal gathering, practising the eloquence of barbarians.

Yet there is another side to English prose which Mr. Pearsall Smith almost ignores; perhaps because he is making an anthology and that other side cannot easily be exhibited in extracts. Prose of its very nature is longer than verse, and the virtues peculiar to it manifest themselves gradually. If the cardinal virtue of poetry is love, the cardinal virtue of prose is justice; and, whereas love makes you act and speak on the spur of the moment, justice needs inquiry, patience, and a control even of the noblest passions.

But English prose, as Mr. Pearsall Smith presents it, is at the mercy of its passions and just only by accident. By justice here we do not mean justice only to particular people or ideas, but a habit of justice in all the processes of thought, a style tranquillized and a form moulded by that habit. The master of prose is not cold, but he will not let any word or image inflame him with a heat irrelevant to his purpose. Unhasting, unresting, he pursues it, subduing all the riches of his mind to it, rejecting all beauties that are not germane to it; making his own beauty out of the very accomplishment of it, out of the whole work and its proportions, so that you must read to the end before you know that it is beautiful. But he has his reward, for he is trusted and convinces, as those who are at the mercy of their own eloquence do not convince; and he gives a pleasure all the greater for being hardly noticed. In the best prose, whether narrative or argument, we are so led on as we read that we do not stop to applaud the writer nor do we stop to question him. But we do stop, whether to applaud or to question at a sentence such as this, which Mr. Pearsall Smith gives us from Carlyle.

> Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night.

If a writer continues long in this style he wearies us like a man talking at the top of his voice; and if he does not continue, the passage distracts us with its incongruity, like a sudden shouting. Carlyle here, and often, yields to a habit of excitement as if he had a right to be indulged in it. He is like a man who will make speeches at the dinner table to show the force of his convictions. These are the manners of egotism, and egotism is the worst of all faults in prose.

For prose is the achievement of civilization, of people who have learned to discuss without blows or invective, who know that truth is hard to find and worth finding, who do not begin by accusing an opponent of wickedness, but elicit reason and patience by displaying them. You cannot say in poetry what the best prose says, or accomplish what the best prose accomplishes. Civilization may not surpass a primitive society in heights of rapture or heroism, but it is, if it be civiliza-

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tion, better for everyday life, kinder, more rational, more sustained in effort; and this kindness and reason and sustained effort are expressed and encouraged in the masterpieces of prose. The French understood this long ago, because they prize civilization and enjoy it. Pascal, writing his Provincial Letters in 1656 upon a subject obscured by mediæval subtleties and distorted by party passions, is already just, polite, and lucid; he does not even affect the magnificent disdain of Gibbon, but is a civilized man talking to other civilized men, and, therefore, all the more deadly in debate. But it is fallacies that he would kill, not those who maintain them. He knows that the art of controversy is, not to begin with invective, but to state your case in such a way that those who like invective will supply it themselves against your adversary.

So we read Milton's controversy for its accidents, splendid as they are, but Pascal's still for the controversy itself. Though he is not clothed in shining armor, he fights for the children of light in all ages, with no pretense of being an angel or a dervish, but quietly appealing to the everlasting reason from whence comes his help. In this book of Mr. Pearsall Smith's, with its array of great names and great passages, we notice how his moderns seem to archaize when they would soar, as if they must pretend to be of the giant race before the flood so as to achieve a greatness of their own. Emerson says:

> Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart.

Ruskin, even in *Præterita*, writes thus of his first sight of the Alps:

> Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed — the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful round Heaven, the walls of sacred Death.

Pater begins a paragraph as follows:

> I have remarked how in the process of our brain building, as the house of thought in which we live gets itself together like some airy bird's nest of floating thistle-down and chance straws compact at last, little accidents have their consequence.

Stevenson, in a letter, and talking of familiar things, says:

> Methought you asked me — frankly, was I happy. Happy (said I); I was happy only once; that was at Hyères; it came to an end from a variety of reasons, decline of health, change of place, increase of money, age with his stealing steps; since then, as before then, I know not what it means.

It is always finely, but not naturally, said. Each writer seems to have a model not quite suited to the matter or the occasion, and makes us think of this model when we should be thinking only of what he has to say. But the prose which interests us most, and persuades us unconsciously to go on reading it, seems to be made by the matter and the occasion; it is like talk between intimates, and the writer draws us into intimacy by his manner of address, which assumes that we do not wish to be tricked or dazzled, that, if he has anything worth saying, we shall listen to it for its own sake.

There is less of this prose in our literature than we could wish, but more than we should gather from Mr. Pearsall Smith's anthology. It began to be written about the time of the Restoration by Cowley, Halifax, and Dryden among others. Mr. Pearsall Smith gives one short passage from Cowley, one from Halifax, and none from Dryden — perhaps he thinks that the best of Dryden's prose is in his verse. But the first easy master of it is Shaftesbury, especially in his Letter concerning Enthusiasm. Here the ease is all the more remarkable because he is talking of religion and saying things both novel and profound about it.

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His plea is for good humor in controversy, and he gives an example of it in his own letter. He begins lightly enough, and then, with a humane and natural art, leads us into seriousness:

> This, my Lord, is the security against superstition: To remember that there is nothing in God but what is Godlike; and that He is either not at all or truly and perfectly good. But when we are afraid to use our reason freely, even on that very question, 'Whether He really be, or not'; we then actually presume Him bad, and flatly contradict that pretended character of goodness and greatness, while we discover this mistrust of His temper, and fear His anger and resentment in the case of this freedom of inquiry.

But though this is just and even now fresh, we cannot deny that it lacks the music and images of Jeremy Taylor or Milton; and they are absent from the prose of Johnson and all the eighteenth century. For that reason the Romantics despised even its virtues; for them again prose became the poor relation of poetry, and must wear its castoff clothes; or else they wrote like orators addressing a crowd with repetitions and loud emphasis, abrupt transitions and noisy images. Hazlitt is more eloquent than scrupulous; he never seems to be alone with you as you read him, but rather speaking to catch votes, even though it be for the best writers or painters; and Macaulay, ignored by Mr. Pearsall Smith, is worse. His prose has all the defects of a nation political rather than social, he is incapable of meditation or even of converse, but lectures always; while Burke writes of the sublime and beautiful like an orator.

So, but for a few shy, never enough honored writers, there is one whole province of the English mind left out of our prose, for we are capable of meditation and intimate talk; we are more civilized than our manners or our style. Mr. W. H. Hudson, for instance, seems always to be meditating or remembering; writing for him is a means of saying what he would never say aloud. He makes his dearest friend of the reader, and confides in him with speech that has the beauty of a wild animal's eyes. And Mark Rutherford, with a different kind of matter but the same shyness and melancholy faith, arouses a like confidence in us. These writers seldom say much in a single sentence or even paragraph, but they have a cumulative power that cannot be proved by quotation, a wandering music that blows where it lists, because they never force their inspiration or tell you what they have not got to say. Their peculiar quality is justice; they describe, without a labored eagerness or momentum, and without vivid words, just what they have seen and felt. They do not exploit their loves or their hatreds, and it is wonderful that you should remember so well what is said with so little emphasis or apparent skill of words. Yet it is remembered, like a thought that does not need saying; it sinks deep into the mind beyond language like an actual experience, and, if you read their books with care, you are changed as if by an event.

But such writers are likely to remain few, for they are little encouraged. We are not yet a public of readers civilized enough to demand the highest virtues of prose; we prefer 'clamorous sublimities' and phrases that ask to be noticed; we must be urged through a book by the crack of the writer's whip. Yet still one dreams of a prose that has never yet been written in English, though the language is made for it and there are minds not incapable of it, a prose dealing with the greatest things quietly and justly as men deal with them in their secret meditations, seeming perhaps to wander, but always advancing in an unbroken sequence of thought, with a controlled ardor of discovery and the natural beauties of a religious mind. Johnson might have

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written it, if he had had a stronger sense of beauty and more faith in the flights of reason; Newman, if he had been a greater master of words and less afraid of his own questioning; Henry James, if he had exercised his subtlety on larger things. The best of our prose writers, living or dead, are not civilized enough or too much in love with something else, or not enough in love with anything, to write the prose we dream of. The English Plato is still to be.

[*Modern Review* (Calcutta)]

A PRAYER FOR THESE TIMES

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

LIGHT thy signal, Father, for us, who have strayed far away from thee.
Our dwelling is among ruins haunted by lowering shadows of fear.
Our heart is bent under the load of despair and we insult thee
when we grovel to dust at every favor or threat that mocks our manhood
For thus is desecrated the dignity of thee in us thy children,
for thus we put out our light and in our abject fear make it seem
that our orphaned world is blind and godless.

Yet I can never believe that you are lost to us, my King,
though our poverty is great, and deep our shame.
Your will works behind the veil of despair,
and in your own time opens the gate of the impossible.
You come, as unto your own house, into the unprepared hall, on the unexpected
day.
Dark ruins at your touch become like a bud
nourishing unseen in its bosom the fruition of fulfillment.
Therefore, I still have hope — not that the wrecks will be mended,
but that a new world will arise.

If it is thy will let us rush into the thick of conflicts and hurts.
Only give us thy own weapon, my Master, the power to suffer and to trust.
Honor us with difficult duties, and pain that is hard to bear.
Summon us to efforts whose fruit is not in success
and to errands which fail and yet find their prize.
And at the end of our task let us proudly bring before thee our scars
and lay at thy feet the soul that is ever free and life that is deathless.

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[*The New Statesman*]

THE RISK OF BEING ALIVE

THAT it is an exceedingly risky thing to be alive may be seen any morning from even the most cursory glance at the papers. The illustrated papers do more than the others to gloss over the fact. Looking over their pages, one would imagine that the most terrible risk one ran was of wedding — that is the essential word — a society beauty. 'Man Whose Boots Let in Wet Weds Duchess'— one can see the humiliating title and the still more humiliating photographs: she with her noose of pearls, one's self looking as if one had been shaved and brilliantined by a Whitechapel barber. The photographs also suggest that there is a considerable risk that one will join an earl's shooting party, or go on the cinema stage, or attend a fancy dress ball, or swell into a fat boy.

Sensational crimes occasionally break in among these penny theatricals, and we get the photograph of a forger who is clever enough to be considered the equal of a tenth-rate film actress, or of a public house in which a murder has been committed, with a cross on the window of the room in which the body was discovered. But, in spite of these concessions to our love of truth, we learn very little from the picture papers about the perils of life, unless we turn to the almost negligible letterpress. There is no portrait given of the boy who sneezes in the railway carriage without putting his hand to his mouth, or of the germ that darts in a bee line across to the other side of the carriage and infects a handsome, middle-aged man with a little feathering of white hair at his temples. There is no photograph of the waitress in the underground restaurant serving the young man with the stewed steak that will lay him helpless with ptomaine poisoning before Orion's belt has been fished up into the sky out of some lake in Asia. There is not even a photograph of the small boy who threw away the piece of orange peel on which the J.P. slipped, breaking his leg in two places.

The truth is, if you wish to get an idea of the dangers of life, you will do well to turn away from the pictures in the papers and study your 'comprehensive' insurance policy, if you possess one. There you will find the footprint of the burglar and the fingerprint of the house breaker, the fury of fire, flood, and tempest, a fortissimo of bombs tumbling on your roof, riots raging in the street just outside your house, servants breaking their necks on the stairs, your roof being blown off, your foundations giving way, earthquakes making your furniture dance as at a *séance*, acts of God (as they are maliciously called) taking place everywhere. Read your house insurance policy carefully through, and you will not gather from it that the world is a place in which a lark ever sings or a primrose ever blossoms. Spring and summer are alike unknown to the insurance underwriters, or undertakers, or whatever they call themselves.

If you remarked to one of them that it was a fine day, he would look up at you with a gloomy expression like a bull's and growl: 'Oh, you think so, do you? Wait and see. I should n't be surprised if there was a thunderstorm before long, and then you may be struck dead by lightning. Or it may

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turn to frost, and your water pipes will burst, and how will you like it when the water begins to pour through the ceiling and down the stairs? Or I should n't be surprised if it was blowing up for a gale, and what will you say if a branch of a tree or a slate from a roof falls on you and kills you? A fine day, you call it? I must say, I like something a bit less exciting.' It would be in vain to read Wordsworth to such a man — to talk to him of 'joy in widest commonalty spread,' of daffodils dancing in the breeze, of linnets and cuckoos and skipping lambs: he would sneer, we feel sure, at the lesser celandine. His passion is all for accidents and catastrophes. So great is his enthusiasm that for a little loose change he would have been ready to insure Pharaoh against all the plagues of Egypt. Lord Northcliffe himself does not live in a world so forested with thrills. We sometimes wonder how it is that, if the insurance companies believe life is so beset with perils as they say it is, they insure you and your ox and your ass for so little. It cheers one to reflect that not only will they do this, but they make it pay. Life, perhaps, is not so dangerous as one had thought.

One has to go back to the newspapers, indeed, to recover a proper sense of danger. The *Times*, for instance, raised the question in a late issue whether volcanic eruptions are still possible in England. The *Times* apparently believes that they are. Most of us had hitherto lived under the impression that, if only we remained in England, we were as safe from volcanoes as from lions — safer, indeed, for a lion may at any time escape from a menagerie. Henceforth we shall be unable to look at a mountain without suspicion. We shall regard it as, at best, but a sort of chained dog. We shall remember as we hurry past it that one of the Plinys was killed by a volcano, and what happened to one of the Plinys might happen to any of us.

Then there is the question of shaving brushes. One has ceased to be surprised on opening the morning paper to see the report of an inquest on a man who had bought a new shaving brush and immediately died of anthrax. Occasionally, a local health authority seizes a consignment of shaving brushes on suspicion, and destroys them. But the average man goes carelessly on his way, and there is no health authority to tell him whether the shaving brush he has just bought is going to kill him or not, or even whether the scare is to be taken seriously.

The human race is nothing if not heroic, and nowhere does it show itself more heroic than in the matter of shaving. Every man who sits down in a barber's chair knows that he is running the risk of a cut which will infect him with 'barber's rash' and make him the picture of an atrocity for months. But one soon gets used to going to a barber's; one will risk a good deal for the sake of ease. We once knew a man who, while he was being shaved, always had before his mind the possibility that the barber might suddenly go mad and cut his throat; but even this did not keep him from going to the barber's. Another man confessed to us that he never leaned his head back in a barber's chair without the dread that the iron bar running across the ceiling would fall down and drive the razor through his jugular with fatal effects. But even he regularly went through the ordeal of being shaved in public, wobbling the while like a jelly.

Life for him, indeed, was a veritable clock face of fears. He saw himself in his mind's eye attacked on the way home by hooligans, blackmailed

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by policemen, or (what is almost as bad) arrested on some terrible charge through mistaken identity, eaten up by insects in his lodging house bed, dismissed from his job, choked by a fish-bone, thrown out of a fashionable restaurant by a commissionaire for not being well enough dressed, knocked over by a 'bus, burned alive in an accident on the Underground, infected by a whole retinue of loathsome diseases, with his finger nipped in two by a ticket inspector, the calf of his leg swallowed whole by a dog, and his pocket picked by someone dressed like a very old clergyman — all this in the course of twenty-four hours.

To drive across London with him in a hansom cab was a harrowing experience. His entire conversation was a series of exclamations of horror. First, there was the chance that the horse might fall. Then there was the chance that it might bolt and kick the dash-board away and get at us with its hind feet. Add to this — for he was a humane man — the possibility that it might run over a child or even (as the medicine bottles say) an adult. He sat trembling with apprehension, muttering: 'My God!' every time he saw anyone crossing the road fifty yards ahead of us. You might think that so fearful a man would stay at home after dark and avoid mounting anything more perilous than a four-wheeler. But not a bit of it. He moves about as freely, if not as boldly, as if he were Lord Fisher, and is a humorist, not a weeping philosopher. He is the best of company, except in a hired vehicle. People have even been known to envy his jocular spirits.

On the other hand, the sense of risk does undoubtedly make a difference to many people. A green grocer's wife complained to us the other day that no one would buy her bananas because it had been reported in the papers that bananas and grapes were responsible for conveying the germs of the present epidemic of diphtheria. This alarming report was contradicted in the course of a few days, but no one knew whether the report or the contradiction was the more authoritative, as both were anonymous.

During the war, reports as alarming were circulated in regard to saccharine. It was said to give one cancer, and some people ceased to use it. The same accusation has, we believe, been made against salt. At least, we remember sitting on one occasion beside a lady at a luncheon who, when she saw us with a salt spoon in our hand, said, with a look of horror: 'You don't take salt, do you? Don't you know it gives you cancer?' After that, there was nothing left but to go through with it. But is there anything that we eat or drink that has not in the same way been denounced as dangerous? Tap water, whiskey, white bread, fruit, bacon, tomatoes, gravy — even such innocent things as these are said to be more perilous than the passage between Scylla and Charybdis. If one sneezes, one runs the risk of breaking a blood vessel. The slightest stumble may cause a rupture. You may get appendicitis — so they say — from the pip of a grape, and typhoid fever from the foot of a fly. As for influenza, you may get it from looking at a policeman. Yet there are some who say that without war there are not enough dangers in the world to keep us from lapsing into cowardly lotus eaters. People forget that life itself is the most dangerous of the dangerous trades. It is the only trade in which the mortality amounts to one hundred per cent. What a risk! What a planet!

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THE ARTS AND LETTERS

PARNASSUS IN DANGER

From all over the world rises the bitter cry of the author. From France M. Paul Bourget and M. Barres have sounded a lament and a warning, and now the English situation is beginning to fill the pages of the literary weeklies. There the cost of paper, printing, binding, and distributing are four times what they were in 1914. Behold the result. The publishing of a book mounts from a little risk to a great one; publishers, sensible of this risk, dare not accept the work of unknown writers, the meritorious manuscript of a non-popular nature goes a-begging, increased costs decrease the book-buying public, and the only salable manuscript becomes one acceptable to Demos. The lucky author to-day is the man with his pen'orth of established reputation, and a public which has a fancy for his work. Henceforth the mind that has made the picture palace possible will reign in print, even as it reigns in the theatres. And then, farewell to distinction. What an odious mass of cant has been written about Demos and the arts! As if the intellect which showers chewing gum, diamonds, and fur coats on the inane world of the motion picture studios would care about the fate of Conrad or Hardy! Now, in what will all this result? In a generation brought up in the effulgence of a Movie Kultur, bred on extravagance, silliness, and vulgarity, in a general confusion of appalling bad manners, in a world poor in good books, starved of the truth, out of touch with that spiritual urge which only the mind above the mass mind can give. As for imagination, greatest of qualities, the vital flame without which there is no progress or beauty in life, it will lie bound in chains. Listen to the London *Nation*, radical of radicals, give way to these astounding sentiments. The paragraphs might be the last anguish of some artist standing on the shore of the world watching the frothy ocean of modern vulgarity rising, destroying the foundations of all that is great and honorable in human life.

'There will be no room, except in the gutter with some bootlaces, for the new author in this new world, so I am assured by business men, who do not appear so sorry for the fate of the author as for the fact that in future they must share their money and power with the workers. Business men, as is well known, have not as a class shown an embarrassing affection for original artists. They prefer gilt-edged securities, such as the original editions of famous writers who are safely dead. They are shy of prophecy and speculation, and prefer the verdicts that are well surveyed and macadamized.

'The time may soon come when poets and artists of the kind whose rare and startling ideas have done not a little to put democracy in power, may half-regret, in weak moments and when hungry, the old days of lordly patronage. For the old aristocracy did admit the existence of artists, at the servants' entrance, and found something to spare for their support from

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the upkeep of the stables. But I know of no clause in the constitution of the Trades Union Congress by which Keats could beg of the delegates the means to publish his odes. Perhaps a little back-stair influence with Mr. Bowerman, of the compositors, would assist him; but that help, though kindly, would be irregular, and if discovered might produce the usual "most emphatic protest" from an incorruptible and class-conscious representative of the Brass Instrument Makers.

'What is the passion for the light that never was to the wool spinners? Why, they would make it impossible for the delicate poet, his work unrecognized and the great publisher shut to him, to wear a flannel shirt. The Victorian era may have been all the cynical tell us of that period when little children crawled naked in mine galleries while up above them great brains were debating whether or not we had a family likeness to the apes; but in those days the sort of writer who helped to get the children out of darkness was at least free. It is lucky that that was the time when Dickens worked in a blacking factory. To-day, between Democracy enfranchised and dominant at last, and Capital amalgamated and looking for returns of not less than ten per cent, such writers would have as their largest hope the thought of freedom and cocoanuts in Tahiti; to which delectable remoteness they would not be able to escape, for they would be refused a passport, not being commercial travelers.

'But complaining is no more use than it would be for lambs to protest to the meat salesmen on the chilliness of refrigerators. It only raises laughter. The contortions of the testifier who finds himself gagged by the people for whom he would speak was always a comic spectacle; and whether it was a popular ecclesiast in the dark ages inciting the mob to deal with a man who had invited people to use their reason, or whether it is associations of trades unions helping capitalists to create conditions in which originality cannot live, is all one. It is the same sort of thing. It is the right of power to have its own way.

'Nor is it of any use for some apologists to draw pathetic pictures of the worker, newly risen to power out of obscurity, who is as yet unused to the ways of light, and so cannot help doing the wrong thing. He has made fortunes and titles for half-a-dozen great newspaper owners who have never yet been friendly to him except when they feared him. He spends enough money on football every Saturday to equip and support laboratories for all the young scientists who are now doing their research work with old tobacco tins and medicine bottles. He is simply not interested, as a powerful association, in art, science, and letters — much less so, in fact, than his opponent the employer, who in rare lucid intervals did know what to do with the people of use to him, and how to encourage them, if he did not care to know how to reward them.'

THE Phœnix Society of London, whose object is the revival of great English plays, recently put on Dryden's *Marriage à la Mode*. The *Times* critic thought that much of the designedly romantic part had become undesignedly comic, but considered the revival a real achievement. The first revival of the year was Webster's *chef d'œuvre* of the ancestral raw-head and bloody bones school, *The Duchess of Malfi*. Outside of the incomparable 'dirge,' the presentation must have seemed like an extraordinarily pedantic and silly piece of business.

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MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS will issue under one cover this spring the hitherto unpublished novels of Daisy Ashford. They are: *The Hangman's Daughter, Where Love Lies Deepest, Leslie Woodcock*, and *A Short Story of Love and Marriage*. To these stories has been added the sole existing novel by Angela Ashford, *The Jellous Governess*. The volume will be entitled *Daisy Ashford: Her Book*, and will have a short preface by the author.

THE *Nouvelle Revue Française* has just published a handbook on the work of the painter Henri Matisse. The handbook contains excellent photographs of the artist's best pictures (many of them now hidden in private collections), showing the development of his style. M. Marcel Sembat writes an enthusiastic foreword describing the painter's art, his devotion to his ideal, his early struggles and recent success. M. Jules Germain adds biographical and documentary detail, and a wood engraving of M. Matisse taken from a drawing made by the artist himself.

THOSE who recall the publication of *The Journal of a Disappointed Man* by 'W. N. P. Barbellion' and the acid controversy which followed when several critics attempted to identify 'Barbellion' with H. G. Wells, will be interested in the publication of Barbellion's other literary work. The new collection is entitled *Enjoying Life*, and is sponsored by Chatto and Windus. Says a reviewer:

'This book consists partly of passages which were left out of "Barbellion's" journal when it was published, lest it should be too long, partly of articles, some of which have already appeared in print, some of which have not. A preface signed R. H. C. tells us something about his habits and character. In boyhood "he taught himself how to dissect, and afterwards his patient and unerring skill surprised his incredulous examiners. Scientists and naturalists of repute — reading his published records of observations — called upon him and were puzzled to find him a mere boy." Yet he could not be a mere specialist, as these essays prove. It is the task of science now to prove itself a general education, almost a religion.

'Science and art alike in the Victorian age tried to specialize and suffered each from its own peculiar stupidity. The painter often thought that he must be stupid so as to paint well, the man of science that he must be stupid so as to observe well. Barbellion, unconsciously at first, revolted against this narrowness. He was a man of science because he had eyes and a mind and a heart for all things. He would not cry of scientific facts, with a priestly solemnity:

> Weave a circle roung them thrice
> And close your eyes in holy dread.

Never would he close his eyes or shut out any part of the whole content of things from his mind; for he was incessantly curious about that mind also; he had the detachment which comes only with universal passionate interest. So he observed like a poet, an artist, though with a faculty trained by his own special studies.

'In "An Autumn Stroll" he tells how he went out to see a meet of the staghounds in North Devon, and how in an oak coppice he saw "something far prettier than the antlered stag, with the eager hounds in his wake," a little fawn:

> In the helter-skelter in the wood beyond, probably he and his mother had been separated, and for the first time in his life he had to think for himself, to act on his own initiative. The oft-repeated words of the hind, his mother, that the

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water carries no scent, seemed now very valuable to him. He heard the waters calling —

'I carry no scent, come here, come here,
For I am the friend of the wild red deer.'

So down toward the bridge he came, where I saw him. But he did not catch sight of me for several minutes, although he seemed to scent me. He grew fussy, and half-playfully, half-nervously browsed the leaves of a nut tree. But he did not eat them: he disdainfully tossed them over his head, as an old stag would a turnip. In jerking his head aloft he suddenly saw me. For a moment he looked spellbound. He did not move, nor did I. We looked straight into each other's eyes. Then he blinked twice or thrice and slowly came nearer! Had he passed below the bridge I could have touched him with my hand. But I was disappointed, for on moving my hand the slightest bit downward the little creature (now standing right below me) pricked his ears, jumped lightly on to the bank, and then trotted across the meadow into a copse, where I earnestly hope he remained undisturbed.

'It reminds one of the pretty passage about Alice and the fawn in *Alice Through the Looking Glass;* but one is sure that it happened just as he tells it, and he could not have told it so without that sense of spirit in all living things which made him observe animals as a poet observes men.

'It is well that this book should be called *Enjoying Life;* it is a truer title than *The Journal of a Disappointed Man;* for he did enjoy life and was not really disappointed with it. How could he be when it meant so much crowded joy and grief that were "a raiment to his soul divine"? Even his moods of sick bewilderment and disgust interest him. He tells us how once the sight of a heap of dirty, used-up omnibus tickets on the top of an omnibus made him feel for a moment almost physically sick. It made him think of people as if they, too, were like omnibus tickets—separate, meaningless, stamped, and thrown away. "By the end of the journey I am merely a mechanical registering instrument ticking off such fatuous impressions as 'What a funny name over that shop!' or 'That is a nice house,' or 'How funnily that man walks!'" But then comes the cure he takes for this sense of mechanism, meaningless and isolated:

To love merely one's own children or one's own parents, how ridiculous that seems, how puny, how stifling! To be interested only in one's own life or profession . . . how contemptible! It is necessary to be unselfish — even extravagantly selfless — quite as much for the sake of one's intellect and understanding as for the good of one's heart and soul.

'That passage tells us what science meant to him. It was an escape from the meaningless, isolated self, not into nothingness but into a meaning relation with all things. It was the other side to the doctrine of Christ. And elsewhere he says:

It means pain to be a separate lonely unit, a disrupted chip of the universe. The gregarious nature of man is not simply a fact of natural history. It is the expression of a deep religious desire for oneness in which alone we can sink down to rest.

In those words we see the promise of the new science, itself no longer a separate unit among the activities of the mind of man, not a parallel line with religion that "keeps itself to itself" and will never meet, but converging toward some happy union in the future. In an amusing essay "The Scarabee monographed," he has a passage upon the narrow specialist — "your really god-forsaken scarabee."

Accuracy to him is a holy word, pronounced with eyes lowered and the palms crossed over the breast; imaginative is a term of opprobrium; poetry means long hair; the summer solstice is nothing but the probable time for the emergence of some insect from its cocoon; and Coniston or Chamouni he recalls merely as good treacling localities.

Yet this was written by one who himself was accurate and who warns us that scarabees are often human. Again, on reading this book, we mourn over Barbellion's early death and the little use that we make of youth such as his.'

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[*The London Mercury*]

LINES WRITTEN IN GALLIPOLI*

BY PATRICK SHAW-STEWART

I saw a man this morning
  Who did not wish to die,
I ask and cannot answer
  If otherwise wish I.

Fair broke the day this morning
  Against the Dardanelles,
The breeze blew soft, the morn's cheeks
  Were cold as cold sea shells.

But other shells are waiting
  Across the Ægean sea,
Shrapnel and high explosive,
  Shells and hells for me.

O Hell of ships and cities,
  Hell of men like me,
Fatal second Helen,
  Why must I follow thee?

Achilles came to Troyland,
  And I to Chersonese:
He turned from wrath to battle,
  And I from three days' peace.

Was it so hard, Achilles,
  So very hard to die?
Thou knowest and I know not,
  So much the happier I.

I will go back this morning
  From Imbros over the sea.
Stand in the trench, Achilles,
  Flame-capped, and shout for me.

A SUNSET

BY ELIZABETH STANLEY

A beam of light was shaken out of the sky
  On to the brimming tide, and there it lay
Palely tossing like a creature condemned to die
  Who has loved the bright day.

Ah, who are these that wing through the shadowy air?
  She cries, in agony. Are they coming for me?
The big waves croon to her: Hush now! There, now, there!
  There is nothing to see.

But her white arms lift to cover her shining head,
  And she presses close to the waves to make herself small.
On their listless knees the beam of light lies dead,
  And the birds of shadow fall.

[*The London Mercury*]

FORTUNATUS NIMIUM

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

I have lain in the sun,
  I have toiled as I might,
I have thought as I would,
  And now it is night:

My bed full of sleep,
  My heart of content
For mirth that I met
  The way that I went.

I welcome fatigue
  While frenzy and care,
Like thin summer clouds,
  Go melting in air.

To dream as I may
  And awake when I will,
With the song of the birds
  And the sun on the hill.

Or death — were it death,
  To what should I wake,
Who loved in my home
  All life for its sake?

What good have I wrought?
  I laugh to have learned
That joy cannot come
  Unless it be earned:

For a happier lot
  Than God giveth me
It never hath been
  Nor ever shall be.

* The author of this poem, a Fellow of All Souls, went out to Gallipoli in the Royal Naval Division with Charles Lister, Rupert Brooke, and Denis Browne. He was afterwards killed in France.

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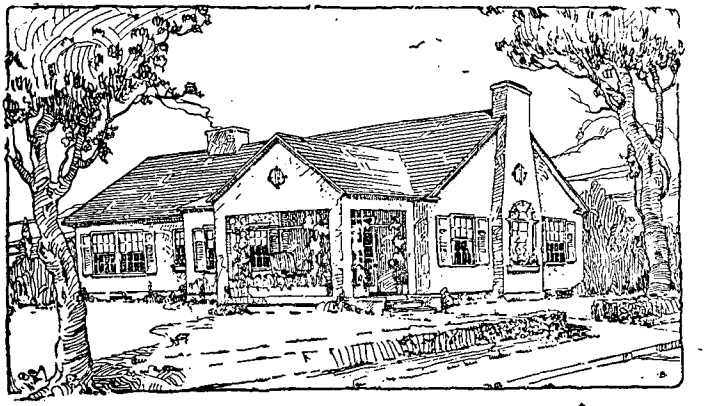

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